HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1175.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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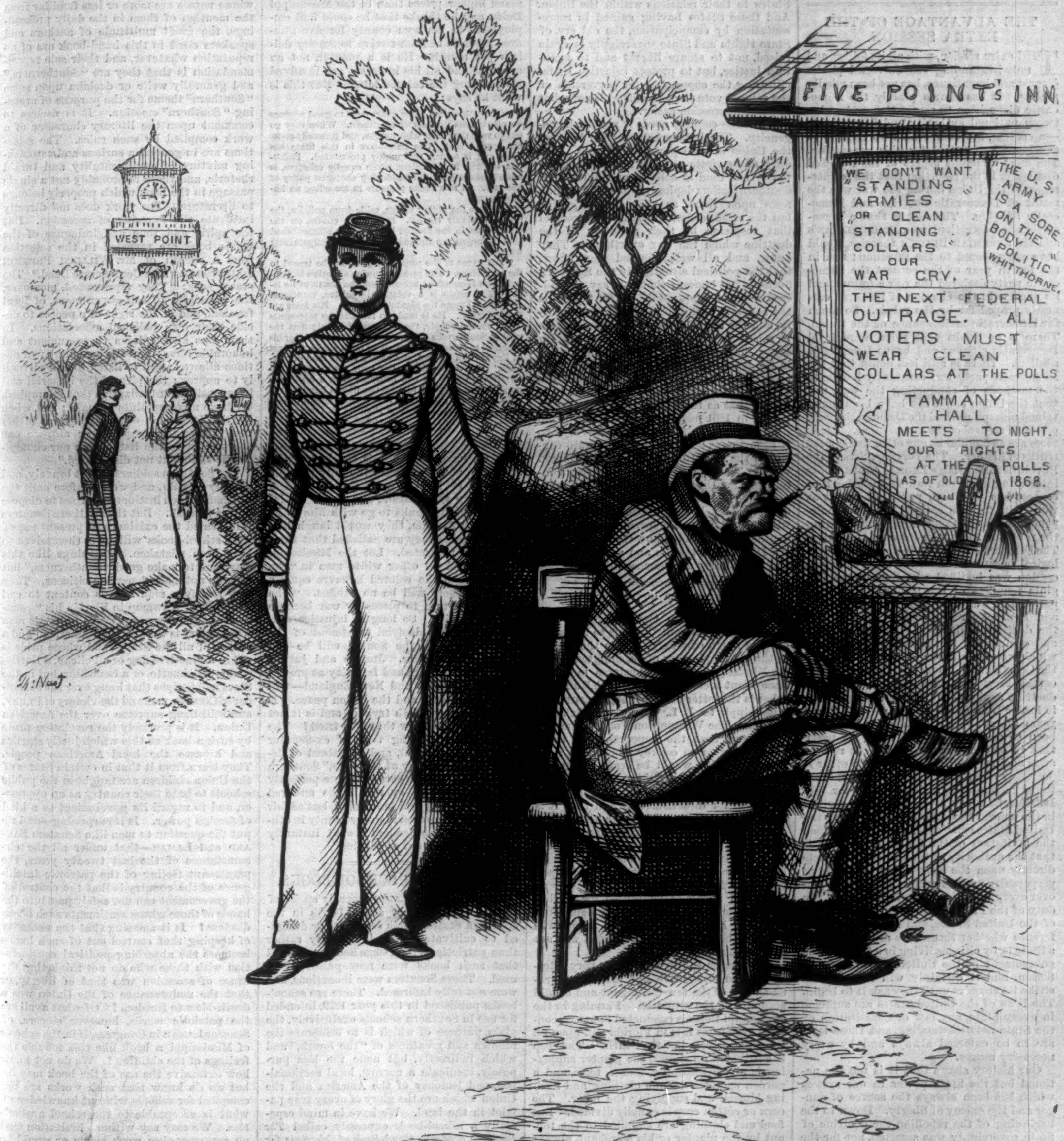
WEST POINT
FIVE POINT'S INN
WE DON'T WANT "STANDING ARMIES" OR "CLEAN STANDING COLLARS" OUR WAR CRY.
"THE U. S. ARMY IS A SORE ON THE BODY POLITIC" WHITTHORNE.
THE NEXT FEDERAL OUTRAGE. ALL VOTERS MUST WEAR CLEAN COLLARS AT THE POLLS
TAMMANY HALL MEETS TO NIGHT. OUR RIGHTS AT THE POLLS AS OF OLD 1868.
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ANOTHER "SORE ON THE BODY POLITIC."—[SEE PAGE 526.]

STATESMAN. "I can tell an Aristocrat by his Clean Collar."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 5, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the portraits of the Royal Family of Germany, and other interesting features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

THE extra session, with all its follies, and notwithstanding the universal public disgust and impatience, has not been wholly useless. It has shown plainly the Democratic disposition to renew the contest between national authority and State rights—a contest, however, which we venture to say has been settled for this generation. The most ludicrous aspect of the renewed discussion is the assertion that the maintenance of the Union during the war was the result of Democratic doctrine and Democratic fighting. The fact is that a Democratic Administration, upon Mr. Buchanan's and Mr. Jeremiah Black's theories, would have surrendered to the rebellion; and in the fourth year of the contest the Democratic party declared the war a failure, and its success in the election of 1864 was earnestly prayed for by the rebels. So much for Democratic maintenance of the Union. There is no doubt that there were loyal Democratic citizens and brave Democratic soldiers. There is still less doubt that the Democratic party was constantly hostile to the methods of conducting the war, and that the Union could not have been maintained unimpaired had the Democratic party obtained control of the government. These facts are as familiar as any other undisputed truths of history. The Tory loyalists of the Revolution, like Judge Thomas Jones, whose interesting history of New York during that contest has just been published, might as well claim to have secured American independence as the Copperhead party during the rebellion to have maintained the Union. The Democratic position during the war was logical, because the doctrine upon which secession was justified was that of the Virginia founders of the modern Democratic party, and was expressed in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98. It was the doctrine which Mr. Webster exposed and confounded in the Senate in speeches which won for him the title of Defender of the Constitution. General Jackson, a Democratic President, sustained Mr. Webster's doctrine against Mr. Calhoun, a Democratic leader from South Carolina. But thirty years afterward Mr. Calhoun's view had been so deeply impressed upon his party that in one part of the country it rose in arms against the Union, and in the other it jealously obstructed and censured the national government in its struggle for life. It is Mr. Calhoun's view which is revived in the present Democratic assertion that the United States can "enter a State" only upon the invitation of the State. The truth is that the authority of the United States acts directly upon the citizen, and that it is as perpetually present within every State and over every citizen as that of the State. The duty of the President is to enforce the laws of the United States, and it makes no difference whether these laws are resisted by a State or by citizens living in a State. The government of the United States is not a fiction, and it certainly will not wait to strike its enemies until they ask it to begin. The laws of the United States are supreme in every State, any law or Constitution of the State notwithstanding, and those laws are to be enforced always and by every necessary means.

Our history shows that it is not the national but the State power in our system which has been always the source of danger and the enemy of liberty. Down to the beginning of the rebellion the doctrine of State sovereignty was asserted, not for the security of liberty, but of the most inhuman slavery. The plea that every State should be practically independent was urged, not to protect justice and to secure equality, but that women and children might be sold at auction unchallenged. It was a doctrine incompatible with patriotism and true national union, and it was proclaimed to protect and perpetuate injustice. It isolated States and barbarized them. The attempt to desolate the Territories of the United States with chattel slavery, and to make United States officers slave-catchers, proceeded from the party of State rights and State sovereignty. Mr. Douglas, a Democrat, opposed this attempt by the grotesque application of the doctrine of State rights that the squatters in a Territory might decide whether man-selling should be permitted, saying that for his part he "didn't care whether slavery was voted up or down." Baffled in the effort to nationalize slavery under the plea of State rights in a Territory, the State party pleaded the right to dissolve the Union by secession, still for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. The State party waged for four years a tremendous war to dissolve the Union. Fortunately the national instinct had become so strong in a century that the Union was maintained. Slavery was abolished as the condition of the restoration of the rebel States to their relations within the Union. And those States having gained in representation by emancipation, the old cry of State rights and State sovereignty is again raised, not to secure liberty and to maintain justice, but to protect injustice by facilitating the suppression or perversion of the colored vote; not to defend liberty, but to make oppression easier.

What the country needs is greater homogeneity. The influences that tend to sever the Union are too powerful already. The duty of patriotic citizens is to strengthen those that tend to solidify and harmonize. Southern leaders deplore the suspicion which rests upon them, as they say, unjustly; but the same leaders cultivate and compel that suspicion by their assertion of the doctrine which the war overthrew. They know, and all well-informed men know, that the political situation in the Southern States is not honest; that is to say, the colored vote is suppressed. "The South" is not honestly "solid" for the Democratic party, and the cry of State control of elections is raised to make that dishonest solidity surer. The good sense of the country is not in the least confused by the solemn poppycock about "bayonets at the polls" and "the Federal government overawing States." It knows that as the assertion of State sovereignty in 1861 meant, "Let us alone to go out of the Union to perpetuate slavery," so it means now, "Let us alone to obtain control of the Union by bulldozing the colored vote." That is an issue, we can assure intelligent Southerners, upon which the independent voters in the Northern States, who denounce much Republican short-coming, will not sustain the Democratic party. Such Southerners ought to know that their Northern Democratic toadies and valets do them and the country an immense injury.

THE FLIGHT TO KANSAS.

There have been two interesting and important recent contributions to the story of "the negro exodus." One is the appeal of the cotton planters of Washington County, Mississippi, to "the business men and benevolent societies of the North," and the other is the letter of ex-Senator Alcorn, of Mississippi, to J. L. Berry, of Atchison, Kansas. The Washington County planters apprehend that the appearance of boats upon the river to convey laborers to some Northern point would be cruel to the negroes and ruinous to the planters. They assert that the colored laborer has no peculiar cause for dissatisfaction, and that it is often forgotten that his protection is secured by laws more powerful than any legislative enactment—the absolute dependence of the planter upon his labor, and its inadequate supply. But the planters upon their part forget that self-interest is by no means an adequate guarantee for justice. The drayman who is absolutely dependent upon his horse, when he gets angry will kick and beat him, and his interest will not restrain him.

Ex-Senator Alcorn's letter is very interesting and instructive, and may be regarded as one of the few intelligent and candid accounts of the situation. Farming in the Mississippi Delta is conducted upon the contract system, as it is in Florida and upon all the great estates in "the South." The crop is cultivated on shares, the planter supplying land, houses, mules, forage, tools, and a garden spot, the tenant clothing and feeding himself and supplying the labor. The corn or cotton crop is equally divided. But food and clothing are supplied to the tenant by the planter or his merchant, always with a lien upon the crop. Here is the point of friction, as we have known it to be in Florida. The tenant is illiterate and careless and dependent. The accounts are kept by the planter or his agent, and the laborer is forced to take his word for the amounts and cost that have been supplied to him. "The absolute dependence of the planter upon his [the tenant's] labor and its inadequate supply," of which the Mississippi address speaks, does not prevent the enormous swindling and injustice possible under such a system and such circumstances as those that actually exist. Granting that the cheating is by no means universal, yet such as there is is naturally greatly magnified in the morbid imagination of an ignorant and suspicious class of persons, naturally making them restless and easily inclining to emigrate. The distrust and hostility produced by this situation would readily explain a migration. It might be, however, ameliorated by a general consciousness of good treatment and regard for fair play. But that is made impossible by the actual situation.

Senator Hampton says that the colored people are satisfied in South Carolina. But if that be so, ex-Senator Alcorn is quite as good a witness for Mississippi, and his testimony ought to be carefully pondered. He says that nowhere does unskilled labor command higher prices than in the Mississippi Delta, and he thinks that he could find employment in his own county for five hundred laborers at from twelve to twenty dollars per month. He is a planter, not an agitator, and all his interests are involved in retaining the colored labor. But this is what he says:

> "Competition for labor guarantees to good negroes on plantations the best of treatment. When they go out to vote they meet with roughs, and generally come out second best. The ballot-box in this State has been, and is to-day, thoroughly prostituted. Ballot-box stuffing in this State, while equally effective, is more humane than the bulldozing shot-gun policy of the past. In this I take pleasure in recording an improvement.
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> "Outside the voting places, aside from politics, the negro is kindly treated. Before the courts, on the plantations, in the family, I doubt if in all the broad land the negro can find more tender and sympathizing whites.
>
> "The cause of the present hegira may be traced to the politicians. The present unwise agitation in Congress has been seized upon to rob the South of its labor. The negro is a volatile, impulsive, emotional creature. I mean the plantation negro. His fears are easily excited. He is made to feel that he represents God's chosen people, the children of Israel; that the wicked Southerners—Egyptians—are contriving for his practical re-enslavement; that he must shake the dust of Egypt from his feet, and hasten to the land of 'Canaan.' Out of the South the poor negro seems determined to go. He will consume with a relish the good things supplied him by the liberal hand of the plentiful North; but when the 'manna' ceases to fall, when the buttered parsnips shall be no longer supplied, but bread must be supplied with labor, mark my prediction—the negro will yearn to return to his native South."

This, we have no doubt, is the key of the situation, and it suggests the only possible remedy. If Mr. Conway should send a steamer up the Hudson, and invite the laborers upon its banks to go with him to El Dorado or Arcadia, they would laugh him away, because they are satisfied that their rights are respected. Let the Mississippi planters and all other white men in "the South" make the colored laborers equally sure, and there will be no exodus. "The South" was torn to pieces by war because of its injustice. So long as injustice continues in the industrial treatment of the colored people, "the South" will be disturbed and restless. Justice and justice alone—such justice and fair play as prevail in the Northwest and New England—will give "the South" and the Union peace. Is it not a policy worth trying; and is it not worth while to show that it is tried? The testimony confirming that of ex-Senator Alcorn is universal, and if instead of denouncing "the army at the polls," Southern leaders should take care to secure perfectly fair elections, not by rifle clubs and red shirts and terror and bulldozing, but as fair elections are secured in every county in other States, those leaders would instantly "take the negro out of politics."

"SOUTHERN" SCHOOL-BOOKS.

When Senator Blaine recently spoke of certain extraordinary school-books in the Southern States, which seemed to be designed to cultivate sectional hostility rather than patriotic feeling, some Senators denied that such books were now published or used. Those Senators were incautious, and were not fully informed. There are school-books published in this year 1879, intended for use in Southern schools exclusively, the plain purpose of which is to celebrate the renown and greatness of "the South," and which indirectly, but none the less purposely, inculcate a narrow, local sectionalism, and jealousy of the America and the Union which are the glory of every true patriot in the land. We have in mind especially a school-book expressly called *The Southern Student's Hand-Book of Selections for Reading and Oratory*. The scope of this book, the character of its influence, and its purpose may be gathered from a glance. Instead of aiming to make the youth for whom it is prepared honorable and patriotic American citizens, it seeks to make them "Southerners." If the object of the book were to introduce students to the great masterpieces of oratory, they are all accessible, and a valuable work could have been easily compiled. But the pitiful purpose of this book is to compile a "Southern" manual of "Southern" rhetoric to inflame "Southern" feeling, and this at a time when the paramount necessity of the country is the obliteration of a wretched, irritating, belittling sectionalism.

An "index to authors" gives their names, specifying the States to which they belong, and they are all "Southern" States, every other State being carefully excluded. Otis and Adams, Webster and Everett, are names of men no longer living which would naturally occur in a book of selections from American oratory. But they were not "Southerners." Henry Clay is one of the great American orators, and he was a Kentuckian. But among eleven names in the index from Kentucky, most of which certainly are not familiar beyond that State, that of Henry Clay does not occur. Indeed, with the exception of some members of Congress whose names are more or less familiar from the mention of them in the daily proceedings, the great multitude of authors and speakers cited in this hand-book are of no reputation whatever, and their sole recommendation is that they are "Southerners," and generally write or declaim upon some "Southern" theme for the purpose of arousing "Southern" emotion. It is useless to comment upon the literary character of a work compiled by such rules. The selections are in general a curious and astonishing mixture of sentimentality and turgid rhetoric, and there is probably not a single passage in the book which properly belongs to literature. The work does not directly inculcate the doctrine of secession. But the spirit and tone and influence of the whole book are revealed in the selection from a speech of Mr. William Preston Johnston on "The Confederate Dead." The orator says: "They represented, moreover, the principles of self-government, of local freedom, and of the right of a people to decide their own political associations. In them was struck down these ancient and honorable ideas; and the community of nations allowed itself to listen to and virtually to approve the plea of the imperial and irresponsible centralization that triumphed. We have no complaints to make; but when startled Liberty in other lands turns hither and thither for sympathy or aid, we can point them to the lists where our champions lie slain, but not dishonored."

The Southern soldiers fought bravely, and happily in vain, and we therefore omit the comment which instinctively rises to dispose of this flourish. But the Southern Senators who denied the existence or present use of such school-books will own themselves to have been mistaken. Teachings like this may tend to make good "Southerners," but they do not make American citizens. They may satisfy a man who is content to call Arkansas or a swamp in Florida his "country," but they do not please a patriotic man whose glory is that he is an American and a citizen of all the States, and whose pride is not in a Pine-tree flag or a Pelican, a Rattlesnake, a Palmetto, or a Lone Star, but in the Stars and Stripes that hung over the surrender of Cornwallis and the victory of Perry, and still hang supreme over the American Union. It is precisely the revelation made by such a book as this which justly startles and arouses the loyal American people. They learn from it that in certain States of the Union children are taught in the public schools to hate their country as an oppressor, and to regard its government as a kind of foreign power. Is it surprising—and we put the question to men like Senators Bayard and Lamar—that under all the circumstances of the last twenty years, the paramount feeling of the patriotic intelligence of the country is that the control of the government can not safely pass into the hands of those whose sentiments such books disclose? Is it amazing that the necessity of keeping that control out of such hands becomes the absorbing political consideration with those who do not think that the cause of secession was that of liberty, or that the maintenance of the Union was a death-blow to freedom? Of what avail are the patriotic words, however sincere, of Senator Lamar in Congress, if in the schools of Mississippi a book like this moulds the feelings of the children? We do not know how extensive the use of the book may be, but we do know that such works are not compiled for schools without knowledge of what is acceptable to the school authorities. We may say without hesitation that no corresponding work exists or would be tolerated in any part of the country except in the Southern States. There is a book of *Boston Orators*, and *The Rhode Island Book*, and similar publications, but their purport is entirely different from this. They are no more sectional than the history of a State. They do not seek to nourish a "Northern" sentiment. They are not hand-books for "Northern" students. They do not glorify "the North," nor, in a word, inculcate disloyalty to the national Union. We regard a school-book like the one that we have mentioned as a very significant sign of the situation, and as a warning not to be disregarded by patriotic men.

THEN AND NOW.

The enthusiasm at Berlin at the late celebration of the golden wedding of the Emperor contrasts strangely with the general detestation in which the Emperor, when Crown Prince, was held thirty years ago. On the famous 18th of March, 1848, when the revolutionary wave that rose in Paris on the 24th of February struck Berlin, a young American was dining at the Café Belli Arti, which was very near the palace of the Prince of Prussia, who was the brother of the King, and who is the present Emperor. It was understood that there was to be a popular demonstration before the royal palace, and in that feverish moment a popular demonstration meant probable riot and revolution. A panic suddenly seized the city. The shops on the main street—Unter den Linden—were summarily closed. There was universal hurry and excitement of movement. Menacing groups collected. Mounted officers galloped swiftly through the streets. Men passed with clubs and sticks, and even with fire-arms. There were rumors of barricades on the Friedrich Strasse; and there was the same hushed and dread apprehension that precedes the bursting of a summer tempest after sultry weather. As the young American watched the novel and significant spectacle he saw a carriage drive rapidly to the Prince's palace. The next instant it dashed by him, and he recognized in it the Princess of Prussia, the present Empress Augusta, with her children, flying to the King's palace.

By the time the Princess gained its protection the barricades were rapidly rising on all sides in the streets that led to the central street, the Linden. Later in the afternoon the troops advanced to carry them—the troops which to the men of the barricades stood for tyranny, and which were commanded by the tyrant, as they called him, the Prince of Prussia. The battle was desperate, and lasted far into the night. The troops pushed their way outward from the Linden, and by morning they had occupied the city and suppressed the insurrection. Then followed the march of "the people" to the palace, carrying the victims, and waiting in the court-yard until the King appeared. A day or two later came the funeral of "the dead of the 18th of March," the royal carriages moving in the procession, and Humboldt and other councillors of the King following the bier. The King was Frederick William the Fourth—Clicquot, as he was nicknamed, from his fondness for Champagne—the King with whom Prince Albert corresponded, and who had the old-fashioned sense of the royal prerogative. During all that bitter time, however, the deepest feeling of hostility was for the Prince of Prussia, who was forced to fly.

The scene is changed. The shadowy German Empire of the Austrian Archduke John, which glimmered for a moment during those stormy days, has changed to the reality of that of Bismarck and the Emperor William; and the Prince who was so fiercely execrated in 1848 having now reached the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, we read in the cable telegrams: "Laurelled busts of the Emperor and the Empress are in every house, their portraits hang in every window, their names are mentioned with honor by every tongue, and the only regret heard is that fuller scope has not been given for the display of the popular loyalty. In all parts of the empire addresses are being voted by provincial assemblies, municipalities, and universities; and the day taking the character of a universal festival, the newspapers of every shade unite in expressing undivided love and allegiance to the revered monarch." This is a strain of the golden age. Yet without supposing that Prussia or Berlin has become Arcadia, the contrast in the public expression of feeling for the same man is extraordinary.

"TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER."

"Trial by newspaper" is one of the felicitous phrases of the *Nation*, as good in its way as that earlier one, "Knickerbocker literature." Such trial is inevitable under a free press, but one of its inconveniences is that it is wholly irresponsible, and begins before the prisoner is arraigned, and before there is any real evidence. A woman is mysteriously murdered. She is found bound, blinded, and gagged in her bed. Certain slight indications as of burning are observed upon the eyebrows. The husband is a physician, between seventy and eighty years old. Who could have done it? Who had access to her room? Would any one but a medical man think of holding a candle to the eyes—if a candle was held to the eyes—to ascertain the fact of death? Aha! Who could have done it? This is the way in which trial by newspaper may begin. It is, probably, no better than trial by one's peers upon sworn evidence, and does not more surely promote justice. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is almost as well to trust to skilled investigation as to irresponsible newspaper speculation upon the most fragmentary and uncertain assertions.

It is doubtful, also, whether the publication of every detail in the discovery of clews assists justice. Bismarck and Von Moltke turned newspaper correspondents out of camp, and some of the best generals in our war some years ago were of opinion that newspaper letters were very often a serious obstruction to the good cause. It was, of course, a base aspersion upon the people's free press, and the insolent military upstarts who thought so were fit lackeys of Gengis-Khan. But still it may be doubted whether the success of an inquiry by detectives for an unknown murderer is very much promoted by promptly publishing every little hint and probability and possibility and suggestion, or by printing the names of those who are suspected, and the reasons of suspicion. One good way of following a trail is not to do it with a brass-band. The ears of a fugitive are very sensitive, and if he hears a great noise, he is very apt to take warning. Of course if the detectives think that a cook, or a cook's husband, may be the assassin they are seeking, and that they must find him if they can, it may be a sensible plan to inform him by public advertisement that he is suspected, and requested to call at the police station nearest his place of concealment. This may be an excellent method, but hitherto its merits have been overlooked. Applied to war, it would announce to an enemy when and where the attack was to be made, and the results would be interesting. A kind old officer in Boston used to apply it to the search for fugitive slaves. He always informed the colored people that he should come into their quarter at a certain hour, and should then expect to find the fugitive ready for arrest. Strange to say the worthy officer was invariably disappointed. Notwithstanding his notification, when he arrived on the very spot at the very hour appointed, the unpunctual fugitive was never ready; and nobody could say when he would be ready, or, indeed, knew any thing about it. The officer remarked that it was most extraordinary that he could never find a fugitive, although he had expressly announced when he should call for him.

There is, indeed, one suspicion which may be entertained. It is that the information given by the newspapers upon such occasions is of the nature of "taffy." It has been darkly hinted that detectives sometimes fool reporters to conceal their real operations, as certain fish are said to blacken the water around them to hide their exact position. This, however, would be an insult to the palladium of our liberties which might well make strong men weep. We prefer not to suggest it. We prefer to think that when a newspaper has published every scrap of fact or theory or suspicion or intention in regard to an inquiry into a murder, it ought to chide the detectives for suffering the suspected criminals to elude them. Having done all that is practicable to defeat an inquiry, we are surely justified in sneering at the inquirer.

DOCTOR BALTHAZAR IN WISCONSIN.

It is probably very provoking to most Chief Justices to be obliged to decide upon the application of a woman to practice at the bar of their courts. Chief Justices are popularly held to be incarnations of conservatism. They reverence traditions and precedents. They have a passion—if the emotions of such personages may be so warmly described—for uninterrupted usage. But what good precedent in the books since Balthazar—and that in a poetry book—justifies the appearance of a woman at the bar? As an author, a poet, or historian, or as a scholar, or as an actress, or as a singer, and possibly, in some extreme and peculiar cases, as a physician, women may be allowed. But as a counsellor at law and an advocate at the bar—that is something which has given the Supreme Court of Wisconsin pause. That is something which seems to disturb the foundations of things, and the celebrated "bulwarks of society" may be threatened.

Mrs. Lockwood has, indeed, been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and it is known that the late Chief Justice Chase was very friendly to every effort for removing every kind of legal disability from women. And the Circuit Court of Rock County, in Wisconsin, in 1874, admitted Miss Lavinia Goodell to practice; and we believe two other ladies are admitted in that State. But when in the same year Miss Goodell applied to the Supreme Court for admission, the alarmed Chief Justice betook himself to the word "person" in the statute regulating admission, and decided that it did not include women. Miss Goodell thereupon betook herself to the Legislature, and the Legislature in 1877 enacted that admission to practice law in any court of the State should not be denied "on account of sex." Meanwhile Mrs. Lockwood had succeeded in Washington, and there were precedents in Ohio, Illinois, and Minnesota, and in the month of April of this year the Hon. Mr. Sloan, an advocate of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, again moved the admission of Miss Goodell. There are five justices of the court, the Chief Justice is of an unbending conservatism, and the court has reserved its decision. But if Miss Goodell be a "person" of proper character and attainment—and of those points there is no question—the court and even the Chief Justice must yield to this new Doctor Balthazar. If she be a person, and if she be technically qualified, and in no way disqualified, with no objection whatever, indeed, except that she is a woman, there stands the recent law imperatively declaring in terms that to be a woman is not an objection. It is a terrible cataclysm which threatens the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and a licentious newspaper adds to the difficulty of the situation by saying, in a ribald vein, for which it should betake itself to its cabin with celerity, that if the judges decide adversely, they ought to be embalmed as Egyptian mummies.

If the court please, the plain way is the true way. For if it be undesirable that women should practice at the bar, that fact can be satisfactorily ascertained only by permitting them to practice. As long as it is theory and argument only, the case will go against the court. If the court is sure of its own views, let it prove their correctness by admitting the applicant.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S WEEDS.

The Rev. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of New York, has written a very sensible letter to the London *Spectator* upon the kind of people that are really wanted in this country. It is often suggested in England that the best way to dispose of vagabonds, and worse, is to ship them off to America. The plan is an old one, and it is not especially difficult for the exporting country. But it is the error of those who think that every kind of human being is sure to prosper in this country which Dr. Bevan seeks to correct. He states plainly that the tramps, beggars, and vagabonds of this land are legion, and to send a prodigal or a "hard subject" in the family at home to make his way here is not necessarily to help him. America, he says, does not want clerks, book-keepers, teachers, artisans, and small trades-people: she needs tillers of the soil—men who can use their muscles, and are not afraid of hard work in new districts where there is no town life. There is no room here for the lounger, the immoral, the lazy, the pauper, the shiftless, but only a lower deep than that to which they have sunk at home.

These are very sensible words. The great advantage of emigration from England to this country is the opportunity offered to farmers to become land-owners upon reasonable terms. But the expectation that gold is to be had here for the trouble of picking it up is delusive. The plan suggested in the work which occasioned Dr. Bevan's letter is not only a foolish but an immoral one. The author says that the best thing to be done with an "incorrigible" is to ship him off to a new land, where necessity will force him to honest labor. But if that new land contain an organized society like that from which he is sent, this is simply advising that a man throw the weeds and stones from his garden into his neighbor's. Let every chimney consume its own smoke. It is as gross a wrong for England to send its criminal and shiftless class to America as it would be for America to ship its lunatics and small-pox patients to England.

A NEW CHARITY.

A little notice of the Flower Mission in *Harper's Monthly* a year ago was seen by the hospital steward of Fort Benton, Montana Territory, and he wrote, asking whether the ladies of the mission would not consider the question of sending "reading matter" and cheap bright little pictures for the bookless and bare barracks and hospitals of the frontier forts. The ladies at once appealed to the public for such contributions, and other ladies interested themselves in the supply of particular posts, forwarding books and papers and magazines. These have all been most gratefully received, and many letters from soldiers at remote points beg that the good work may be continued. The great trouble has been the expense of transportation; and regardless of the doctrine of the limited function of government, the secretary of the mission wrote to the Secretary of War, asking if he could not furnish transportation. The courteous and gallant Secretary responded as follows:

> "War Department, Washington City, *May* 22, 1879.
>
> "Dear Madam,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., requesting transportation for books, the gift of the New York Flower Mission, to hospitals at remote United States posts, and beg to say in reply that all such gifts, if addressed to the Dépôt Quartermaster at New York city (Colonel L. C. Easton), will be promptly forwarded to the posts for which they are intended. Very respectfully,
>
> "G. W. M'Crary, Secretary of War.
>
> "Secretary New York Flower Mission,
> No. 239 Fourth Avenue, New York."

Here is a new and admirable form of charity. Of course the mission does not wish to receive, and it will not forward, "trash;" but standard novels and magazines, books of history and travels, will be gladly received and forwarded. Illustrated and weekly papers, but not daily newspapers, are also desirable. Every house has some books and magazines that can be spared for this beneficent purpose, as every garden has plenty of flowers that plead to be sent upon an errand of mercy and blessing to the suffering and the poor. More than a hundred towns and villages around New York now weekly send thousands of nosegays to the mission rooms for distribution; and although we have not yet heard, we do not doubt that in other cities the same kindly spirit has organized the same beautiful charity, and will now enlarge it to include the military posts.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Governor Holbrook, of Vermont, has been a member of the Brattleborough Congregational choir for forty years, and for the most of the time chorister, and he sings now without a tremor in his voice. Ex-Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, was for many years (possibly may now be) leader of the choir of his church in Hartford. The late David Hale, of the *Journal of Commerce*, was a good vocalist, and took great delight in leading the music in the old Broadway Tabernacle. Since the time of his Majesty David I., many potentates, governors, and men of renown have been proud to "lead the singing."

—The Duke of Argyll and family were strolling about Brighton Beach a day or two ago, sipping the sweets of clams and things of cognate character, such as are not obtainable on the family estates in Scotland. Lord Augustus Loftus, late British minister at Vienna and St. Petersburg, but who is just now pervading New York *en route* to New South Wales, whither he goes as Governor at $50,000 a year, including "perq's," was also flitting around among a free people at the island of the late Mr. Coney, and did not appear to regard things with disdain.

—Every body knows what a wag ex-Speaker Husted is, but it has not been widely promulgated that ex-Speaker Alvord, the venerable "Old Salt" of Onondaga, is affected in that way. The two have recently been fishing at the Thousand Islands, and one day, when quietly dropping their lines, the veteran said, "James, it wouldn't do to move the previous question up here." "Why not here as well as elsewhere?" inquired James. "Because," exclaimed the veteran, as he proceeded to render his hook tempting to the fish—"because, James, if the motion should prevail, it would cut off all de bait." And the man who could say this claims to be a fisherman!

—The Lord Mayor of London receives $50,000 for the year he is in office, yet it is well known that his stipend is swallowed up in providing feasts and civic pageants in honor of the distinguished guests whom he entertains in his official capacity. Yet $50,000 does not pay the total expenses, and the balance has to be defrayed by the L. M. himself. The Mayors of New York have never been noted for being wild in dinner-giving or entertaining. In fact, the $12,000 a year allowed them is regarded as a good thing, from which a few sequins are annually saved. Since the days of Philip Hone, none of our Mayors have been remarkable for often bringing together at nice dinners men who have distinguished themselves in professional, literary, or artistic life.

—Mr. Whitbread, M.P., died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two. He was not noted in public life, his chief distinction being that of a great brewer. His father was an M.P., and an idol of Cobbett's. It was on him that Canning founded one of his wittiest epigrams. Mr. Whitbread had observed in the House that the day on which he was speaking was sacred to him both for a joyful and a melancholy memory. It was the anniversary at once of the foundation of the brewery and of his father's death. Thereupon Canning wrote down the couplet:

"This day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an *e* and his bier with an *i*."

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff's excellent little manual called *Politics for Young Americans*, published by Harper & Brothers, has been translated at Paris for the benefit of young Frenchmen. The translator says that at a time when French republicans, anxious to confirm and consolidate the republic, are resolved to spread education among the common people, this work of Mr. Nordhoff's can not fail to do a great deal of good in the public schools, by fostering republican principles, and teaching correct ideas of social and economic science.

—The first edition of George Eliot's new work, *Theophrastus Such*, in England, was sold in advance of publication. One circulating library alone took 500 copies.

—The late Baron Lionel de Rothschild, though proverbially fond of money, was equally fond of his friends, and his manner of evincing this toward Mr. Solomon Herschel, the grand rabbi of Duke's Place, had something in it which was singular and whimsical. When any good speculation was afloat, he deposited on his account a certain sum proportionate to his own risk, and whatever profit accrued was carried by him to the rabbi, to whom he gave a full, true, and particular account to a fraction. On such occasions he invariably dined with the rabbi, and—perhaps they did not have a good time!

—Colonel Marshall, of Kentucky, once said to the late Thomas H. Benton, who had a fine, large way of deporting himself: "Senator Benton, why do you talk to yourself so much?" With great dignity Benton replied: "Colonel Marshall, I can tell you very earnestly and truly why I talk to myself. I love to talk to a great man, and I love to hear a great man talk."

—It is said that Francis Newman, the brother of Cardinal Newman, who is a professed Deist, seriously believes in a creed he has made for himself, reads a Bible he has composed himself, and holds it sinful to eat solid food, except fish, because fish has no affection.

—By a law of the United States the President has a right to appoint, each year, to the Military Academy at West Point a certain number of cadets whose fathers have been killed in the military or naval service, or who have been conspicuous for gallant conduct in action. These cadets, not coming from any particular Congressional district, are appointed "at large;" and it is a noteworthy fact that in the class of sixty-five cadets who graduated a few days since, the three who stood highest on the list were appointed at large. The first was Cadet Abbott, whose father, General Abbott, at his graduation stood second, and who was present to see his son stand number one. Chief Justice Waite was also present, having a son among the graduates, as was also the venerable Truman Smith, eighty-eight years of age, many years ago United States Senator from Connecticut, whose grandson graduated.

THE DEAD STUDENT.

By WILL CARLETON

It doesn't seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead:
'Twas only yesterday at noon he had to take his bed.
The day before, he played first base, and ran M'Farland down;
And then, to slip away so sly—'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find
It's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind.
And Brown was just afire with life. 'Twouldn't scare me, I avow,
To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as drifted snow.
I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward like and queer:
We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't pull together square a single night or day:
Howe'er I went, he soon contrived to find another way.
He ran against me in my loves: we picked a dozen bones
About that girl you used to like—the one that married Jones.

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes.
He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize.
In the last campus rush we came to strictly business blows,
And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his damaged nose.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with dismay—
That life would be worth living for if Brown were out the way.
But when I heard that he was dead, my feelings tacked; and then
I would have given half my life to get his back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
The room was neat beyond excuse—the women made it so.
Be sure *he* had no hand in that, and naught about it knew.
To see the order lying round had made him very blue.

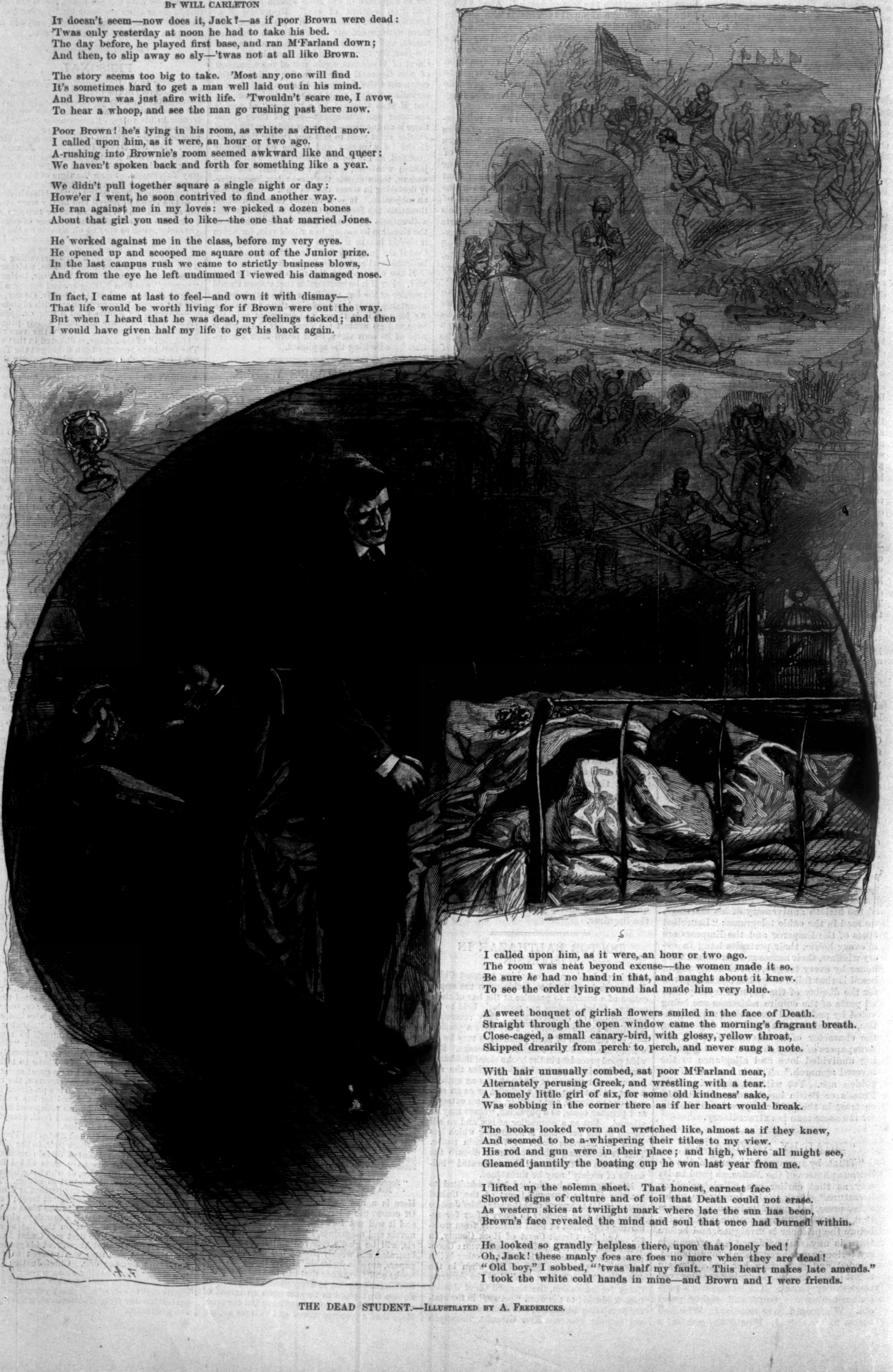
A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of Death.
Straight through the open window came the morning's fragrant breath.
Close-caged, a small canary-bird, with glossy, yellow throat,
Skipped drearily from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor M'Farland near,
Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear.
A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake,
Was sobbing in the corner there as if her heart would break.

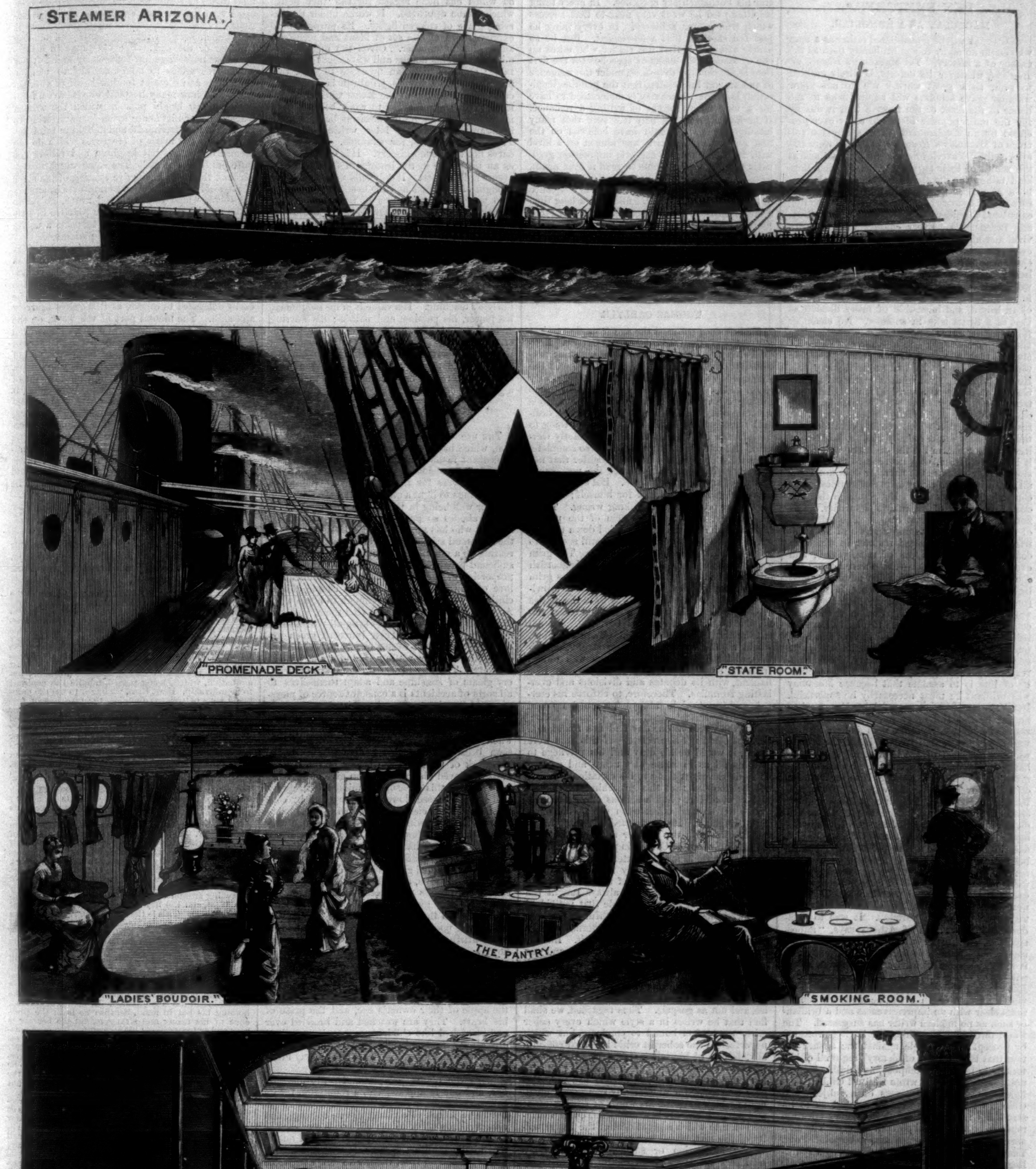
The books looked worn and wretched like, almost as if they knew,
And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to my view.
His rod and gun were in their place; and high, where all might see,
Gleamed jauntily the boating cup he won last year from me.

I lifted up the solemn sheet. That honest, earnest face
Showed signs of culture and of toil that Death could not erase.
As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,
Brown's face revealed the mind and soul that once had burned within.

He looked so grandly helpless there, upon that lonely bed!
Oh, Jack! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead!
"Old boy," I sobbed, "'twas half my fault. This heart makes late amends."
I took the white cold hands in mine—and Brown and I were friends.



THE DEAD STUDENT.—Illustrated by A. Fredericks.


STEAMER ARIZONA.
"PROMENADE DECK."
"STATE ROOM."
"LADIES' BOUDOIR."
THE PANTRY.
"SMOKING ROOM."
DINING ROOM

THE NEW STEAM-SHIP "ARIZONA," WILLIAMS & GUION LINE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 527.]

PEN SKETCHES.[*]

MACAULAY AS A HISTORIAN.

Macaulay will be remembered rather as a man who could do many things brilliantly than as the author of a history. Yet Macaulay's *History of England*, whatever its defects, is surely entitled to rank as a great work. We do not know whether grave scholars will regard it as to the honor of the book or the reverse that it was by far the most popular historical essay ever produced by an Englishman. The successive volumes of Macaulay's *History of England* were run after as the "Waverley Novels" might have been at the zenith of their author's fame. Living England talked for the time of nothing but Macaulay's *England*. Certainly history had never before in our country been treated in a style so well calculated to render it at once popular, fascinating, and fashionable. Every chapter glittered with vivid and highly colored description. On almost every page was found some sentence of glowing eloquence or gleaming antithesis, which at once lent itself to citation and repetition. Not one word of it could have failed to convey its meaning. The whole stood out in an atmosphere clear, bright, and incapable of misty illusion as that of a Swiss lake in summer. No shade or faint haze of a doubt appeared any where. The admirer of Macaulay had all the comfort in his studies that a votary of the Roman Catholic Church may have. He had an infallible guide. He had no need to vex himself with doubt, speculation, or even conjecture. This absolute certainty about every thing was, beyond question, one great source of Macaulay's popularity. That resolute conviction which readers of a more intellectual class are especially inclined to distrust has the same charm for the ordinary reader that it has for children, who never care to hear any story if they suppose the narrator does not know all about it in such a way as to render question or contradiction impossible. But although this was one of the causes of Macaulay's popularity, it was not the most substantial cause. The brilliancy of his style, the variety and aptness of his illustrations, and the animated manner in which he contrived to set his ideas of men, places, and events before the reader—these were among the sources of success to which his admirers must look with the greatest satisfaction. It is of late somewhat the fashion to disparage Macaulay. He was a popular idol so long that in the natural course of things it has come to him to have his title to worship, or even to faith, very generally questioned. To be unreasonably admired by one generation is to incur the certainty of being unreasonably disparaged by the next. The tendency of late is to assume that because Macaulay was brilliant he must necessarily be superficial. But Macaulay was not superficial. He was dogmatic; he was full of prejudice; he was in all respects a better advocate than judge; he was wanting in the calm, impartial balancing faculty which a historian of the highest class ought to have; but he was not superficial. No man could make out a better and stronger case for any side of a controversy which he was led to espouse. He was not good at drawing or explaining complex characters. He loved, indeed, to picture contradictory and paradoxical characters. Nothing delighted him more than to throw off an animated description of some great person, who having been shown in the first instance to possess one set of qualities in extreme prominence, was then shown to have a set of exactly antagonistic qualities in quite equal prominence. This was not describing a complex character. It was merely embodying a paradox. It was to "solder close," as Timon of Athens says, "impossibilities, and make them kiss." There was something too much of trick about this, although it was often done with so much power as to bewilder the better judgment of the calmest reader. But where Macaulay happened to be right in his view of a man or an event, he made his convictions clear with an impressiveness and a brilliancy such as no modern writer has surpassed. The world owes him something for having protested by precept and example against the absurd notion that the "dignity of history" required of historians to be grave, pompous, and dull. He was not a Gibbon, but he wrote with all Gibbon's delight in the picturesqueness of a subject, and Gibbon's resolve to fascinate as well as to instruct his readers. Macaulay's history tries too much to be a historical portrait gallery. The dangers of such a style do not need to be pointed out. They are amply illustrated in Macaulay's sparkling pages. But it is something to know that their splendid qualities are far more conspicuous still than their defects. Perhaps very recent readers of history, too, may feel disposed to be grateful to Macaulay for having written without any profound philosophical theory to expound. He told history like a story. He warmed up as he went along, and grew enamored, as a romancist does, of this character, and angry with that other. No doubt he frequently thus did harm to the trustworthiness of his narrative where it had to deal with disputed questions, although he probably enhanced the charms of his animated style. But he did not set out with a mission to expound some theory as to a race or a tendency, and therefore pledged beforehand to bend all facts of the physical, the political, and the moral world to the duty of bearing witness for him, and proclaiming the truth of his message to mankind.

Macaulay was not exactly what the Germans would call a many-sided man. He never was any thing but the one Macaulay in all he did or attempted. But he did a great many things well. Nothing that he ever attempted was done badly. He was as successful in the composition of a pretty valentine for a little girl as he was in his history, his essays, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his Parliamentary speeches. In every thing he attempted he went very near to that success which true genius achieves. In every thing he just fell short of that achievement. But he so nearly attained it that the reader who takes up one of Macaulay's books or speeches for the first time is almost sure to believe, under the influence of the instant impression, that the genuine inspiration is there. Macaulay is understood to have for a long time thought of writing a romance. If he had done so, we may feel sure that many intelligent readers would have believed on the first perusal of it that it was almost on a level with Scott, and only as the first impression gradually faded, and they came to read it over again, have found out that Macaulay was not a Scott in fiction any more than he was a Burke in eloquence or a Gibbon in history. He filled for a long time a larger space in the public mind than any other literary man in England, and his style greatly affected literary men. But his influence did not pierce deeply down into public feeling and thought as that of one or two other men of the same period undoubtedly did, and does still. He did not impress the very soul of English feeling as Mr. Carlyle, for example, has done.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

No influence suffused the age from first to last more strongly than that of Thomas Carlyle. England's very way of thinking was at one time profoundly affected by Carlyle. He introduced the English people to the great German authors, very much as Lessing had introduced the Germans to Shakspeare and the old English ballads. Carlyle wrote in a style which was so little like that ordinarily accepted as English that the best thing to be said for it was that it was not exactly German. At one time it appeared to be so completely moulded on that of Jean Paul Richter that not a few persons doubted whether the new-comer really had any ideas of his own. But Carlyle soon proved that he could think for himself; and he very often proved it by thinking wrong. There was in him a strong, deep vein of the poetic. Long after he had evidently settled down to be a writer of prose and nothing else it still seemed to many that his true sphere was poetry. The grim seriousness which he had taken from his Scottish birth and belongings was made hardly less grim by the irony which continually gleamed or scowled through it. Truth and force were the deities of Carlyle's especial worship. "The eternal verities" sat on the top of his Olympus. To act out the truth in life, and make others act it out, would require some force more strong, ubiquitous, and penetrating than we can well obtain from the slow deliberations of an ordinary Parliament, with its debates and divisions and everlasting formulas. Therefore, to enforce his eternal verities, Carlyle always preached up and yearned for the strong man, the poem in action, whom the world in our day had not found, and perhaps could not appreciate. If this man were found, it would be his duty and his privilege to drill us all as in some vast camp, and compel us to do the right thing to his dictation. It can not be doubted that this preaching of the divine right of force had a serious and sometimes a very detrimental effect upon the public opinion of England. It degenerated often into affectation, alike with the teacher and the disciples. But the influence of Carlyle in preaching earnestness and truth, in art and letters and every thing else, had a healthy and very remarkable effect entirely outside the regions of the moralist, who in this country at least has always taught the same lesson. It is not probable that individual men were made much more truthful in England by Carlyle's glorification of the eternal verities than they would have been without it. But his influence on letters and art was peculiar, and was not evanescent. Carlyle is distinctly the founder of a school of history and a school of art. In the mean while we may regard him simply as a great author, and treat his books as literary studies, and not as gospels. Thus regarded, we shall find that he writes in a style which every sober critic would feel bound to condemn, but which nevertheless the soberest critic is forced continually, despite of himself and his rules, to admire. For out of the strange jargon which he seems to have deliberately adopted, Carlyle has undoubtedly constructed a wonderfully expressive medium in which to speak his words of remonstrance and admonition. It is a mannerism, but a mannerism into which a great deal of the individuality of the man seems to have entered. It is not wholly affectation or superficiality. Carlyle's own soul seems to speak out in it more freely and strenuously than it would in the ordinary English of society and literature. No tongue, says Richter, is eloquent save in its own language; and this strange language which he has made for himself does really appear to be the native tongue of Carlyle's powerful and melancholy eloquence. Carlyle is endowed with a marvellous power of depicting stormy scenes and rugged daring natures. At times strange wild piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his strenuous and fierce bursts of eloquence, like the wail of a clarion thrilling between the blasts of a storm. His *History of the French Revolution* is history read by lightning. Of this remarkable book John Stuart Mill supplied the principal material; for Mill at one time thought of writing a history of the Revolution himself, but, giving up the idea, placed the materials he had collected at the service of Carlyle. Carlyle used the materials in his own way. He is indebted to no one for his method of making up his history. With all its defects, the book is one of the very finest our age has produced. Its characters stand out like portraits by Rembrandt. Its crowds live and move. The picture of Mirabeau is worthy of the hand of the great German poet who gave us Wallenstein. But Carlyle's style has introduced into this country a thoroughly false method of writing history. It is a method which has little regard for the "dry light" which Bacon approved. It works under the varying glare of colored lights. Its purpose is to express scorn of one set of ideas and men, and admiration of another. Given the man we admire, then all his doings and ways must be admirable; and the historian proceeds to work this principle out. Carlyle's Mirabeau is as truly a creature of romance as the Monte Christo of Dumas. This way of going to work became even more apparent, as the mannerisms became more incessant, in Carlyle's later writings—in the *Frederick the Great*, for example. The reader dares not trust such history. It is of little value as an instructor in the lessons of the times and events it deals with. It only tells us what Carlyle thought of the times and the events and the men who were the chief actors in them. Nor does Carlyle bequeath many new ideas to the world which he stirred by his stormy eloquence. That falsehood can not prevail over truth in the end, nor simulacra do the work of realities, is not, after all, a lesson which earth can be said to have waited for up to the nineteenth century and the coming of Carlyle; and yet it would be hard to point to any other philosophical outcome of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. His value is in his eloquence, his power, his passion, and pathos; his stirring and life-like pictures of human character, whether faithful to the historical originals or not; and the vein of poetry which runs through all his best writings, and sometimes makes even the least sympathetic reader believe that he has to do with a genuine poet.

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[*] From Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*. New York: Harper and Brothers.

HOME FLOWERS.

The use of flowers for purposes of decoration, which has become common of late years, is a pleasant fashion as far as it goes; but it can scarcely be considered as much evidence of the love of flowers for their own sake. Indeed, it often brings to light a quite heartless indifference to their well-being in the inhabitants of the luxurious abodes so profusely supplied with them. Nobody who has not tried it can imagine what is the continual stimulus and refreshment of plant-rearing as a pursuit for leisure hours, when once sufficient progress has been made to insure a fair proportion of successes. The most rudimentary love of flowers, if genuine, and a couple of hyacinths or pots of musk, are enough to begin with. As we watch the plants, and feed them, and wait upon them, a strange sort of sympathy with them grows up within us. Their innocent green natures become a part of our own, and we acquire something of their willing gladness and patient tenacity. The way in which they respond to every gleam of sunshine and adapt themselves to all sorts of accidents is a constant source of pleasant surprise; it seems such a miracle when they unfold before our eyes, such a joyful encouragement when they prosper, and even the pang when they die is so free from bitterness that it soon becomes impossible to live without them. The work of tending them is one of the few almost unalloyed pleasures we can give ourselves.

Of course this pleasure is missed entirely by rich people, whose flowers are supplied by contract. And it is clearly enjoyed with great keenness by the poor, who often devote their one window entirely to a few plants, which, one can see at a glance, have had undisturbed possession of it for weeks or months, and have filled it with a beautifully adapted growth which can be obtained by no other means, and which also implies incessant watchfulness and incessant delight on the part of their guardians. Many people have speculated on the causes of the remarkable success of the poor in growing flowers in windows. Some attribute it to their habit of putting the flowers out in the rain, some to the absence of gas, and of great dryness of atmosphere; but there can be little doubt that the real explanation at bottom is that the half-dozen plants in a cottage window are so many ewe-lambs, the apple of their owner's eye, and the pride of his heart. They are watched and brooded over and cherished like children, and their guardians are always at hand, and lead regular monotonous lives, and are not distracted by many interruptions or called away by frequent engagements. And so the plants prosper under the master's eye, and one family acquires a reputation for its tulips, and another for its geraniums; one neighbor has a knack of striking myrtle cuttings, and another knows how to use old bones and rags as manure for her fruit trees; and many a quaint and kindly tradition springs up with the plants, and is handed on from mother to daughter, from cottage to cottage.

Nothing that is not human goes so far to make any particular house into a home as the plants which grow up in and about it. People living even in large cities, if they have any scrap of garden, or only a few healthy pots of flowers, feel a pang at the thought of leaving them, though it may be to visit the native haunts of our brightest flowers. And yet how easily, when we have to "flit," we can take our flowers with us, or at least plant a new generation of them in our new home! Surely in no other object upon which human affections can be bestowed do we find the proportion of pain to enjoyment so very small, and the possibility of incurring self-reproach so nearly excluded. We can not say entirely excluded, for the true lovers of flowers know that they are alive, and can scarcely doubt that they are conscious, and that at times they suffer from our neglect. But we may surely hope that they do so far realize our ideas of paradise as to rejoice constantly in the air and sunshine, without fear and toil, and, having bloomed their day, to yield up their lives without a struggle. It is a great thing in our own checkered lives to be able to enter into communion with living creatures so absolutely pure, so innocently bright and fresh, and so incapable of causing any serious anxiety. We do enter into relations with them, when we tend them, as surely as a nurse enters into relations with the children she brings up. It is curious, by-the-bye, to observe how much there is in common between tending plants and tending children or the sick. The old nurse in a family whose nurselings have grown up and left her hands free seems to take naturally to window gardening as an outlet for her habit of cherishing. And how many hospital wards have a fernery or a few bright pots in which the women whose days or nights are spent in ministering to the sick find refreshment and delight in ministering also to the needs of creatures which do not themselves suffer, but brighten and relieve the sufferers beside them! The same watchful tenderness, the same instinctive reading of the signs of physical conditions, and promptness in amending them, which make a good nurse, go far to make a good gardener, and the practice of gardening might even be in many respects a useful preparation for tending human patients.

There is in attending to flowers just that mixture of manual with mental occupation which is to most people peculiarly restoring as a relaxation, with the advantage that whatever is too heavy in the manual part of the work can be easily delegated to others, as it requires scarcely any skill. The mental part of the work, on the other hand, is not severe, and is all interwoven with keen and simple pleasures—the pleasure of beautiful colors and forms, of fragrance, and of freshness—not to mention association and hope. Perhaps the chief drawback, in a moral point of view, to the advantages of window gardening, is the really blood-thirsty spirit of revenge and intolerance which it kindles against slugs, spiders, wire-worms, green fly, and other blameless creatures struggling for existence with exasperating and, as it sometimes appears to us, almost fiendish ingenuity. No doubt even they have interesting habits, but the window gardener who could watch them in a calmly scientific spirit must be more or less than human.

THE WEST POINT CADET.

In connection with Mr. Nast's cartoon on our first page we copy the following passages from the West Point correspondence of the New York *Times*:

"If it be true that the West Point Academy is the very aristocratic institution it is so persistently charged with being, and that its training and teaching are infused with a spirit of exclusiveness and aristocratic pride foreign to the genius of the people, this is now the time when the truth of the charges may most readily be discovered. For it is during the month of June that the young applicants for admission gather from all parts of the country to West Point, preparatory to undergoing the initiatory examination, which, being passed, admits the aspirant to membership. Here, then, we ought to see the pampered sons of wealthy families, the favorites of fortune, whose money has bought them the coveted honor of an appointment, or whose influence has commanded it—the young gentlemen of our American aristocracy who would like to wear a military title for show, or follow the easy and luxurious life which it is notorious our army officers lead. One may see groups of these young aspirants about the grounds at drill times, or scattered through the neighboring village when there is nothing attractive going on at the Academy. But where are those scions of wealthy families which this exclusive institution only consents to admit? Such a crowd of raw-boned, green, gaping specimens of young humanity was surely never gathered together for admission to any other academic institution in the country. Here they are, fresh from the fields of the South, the prairies of the West, the mountains of the East, a few showing in their bearing and manners the influences of city life or cultivated surroundings, but the great majority as rustic in their ways and appearance as the farms they have come from; awkward in manner, confused and amazed at what they see, or sprawling around with all the freedom of the boundless West, and the hay-seed obtrusively sticking out all over them. This is the crude material; and it can be understood how thorough must be the process of manufacture which from such unpromising stuff can turn out the finished product as it is seen four years after. This young first-class man talking to his father and his proud sisters on the piazza of the hotel will graduate next Thursday. Four years ago he was probably such a green and gaping boy as several of those who are now staring at him. But he has been rubbed down and polished with merciless severity, and he bears himself like a gentleman. He stands uncovered, holding his hat in hand, because he is in the presence of his father and strangers, but his bearing is easy and self-possessed; his appearance is punctiliously neat; his manner polite and respectful. You see he has been taught self-respect in its highest sense, which means respect to others. He will neither overstep the proper line toward them nor permit it to be overstepped toward himself; and this is one of the things which West Point teaches, and which is not down in the text-books.

"To the boy who has been brought up in the free-and-easy style of manners, and to believe that he is as good as any body else, West Point must open a new and quite unexpected world. He is taught, first of all, that the free-and-easy style has no place there, and that he is not as good as every body else in very many important things. His eyes are opened, it may be rather roughly, to the fact that subordination to recognized superiors, that severe discipline, that implicit obedience to regular commands, are things of vital importance; and as he learns these, possibly to him disagreeably surprising facts, he also learns that subordination does not mean servility, nor the habit of obedience indicate a slavish spirit; he learns, on the contrary, that the highest pride and most delicate sense of honor are perfectly compatible with the strictest subordination to superiors. The line between the subordinate and the superior is strictly marked out; within this, each is equal; neither can overstep it without offense; and if such an offense be committed, the military code provides the proper remedies. Thus the young cadet is taught both to obey and to command, and he is no commander who has not first learned to obey.... Two other things which West Point teaches—not found in the text-books—are strict honesty and truthfulness. A cadet guilty of lying is expelled. There is no hope for him, and there ought to be none. Of all mean and detestable vices, falsehood is the meanest and most detestable. A cadet guilty of dishonesty is expelled. Dishonesty and falsehood go hand in hand. They are twin vices. A dishonest man is always a liar; a liar may at any time become a thief, if he be not one already. No young man who should show the taint of these vices goes through West Point if the authorities can help it. By extreme circumspection a youth whose imagination is too lively for his judgment may occasionally get through, and even rise to comparatively high command in the army afterward; but he certainly must walk with great care while he is passing through West Point; and as to the honesty of its graduates as a class, that, fortunately, is beyond dispute. If honesty and truthfulness be 'aristocratic,' West Point is very aristocratic; and when one looks again at the crudity of the material which it works up, and which can now be seen in such abundance about the Academy grounds and neighborhood, one may feel inclined to echo the exclamation of old Lord Paget, when he was visiting West Point two years ago. After inspecting the place, and watching the young fellows go through their exercises, he inquired how many boys were here. 'About three hundred,' was the reply. 'Three hundred!' exclaimed the old gentleman, with energy; 'you ought to have three thousand, for the good of the country.'"

HALBERT AND HOB.

From "Dramatic Idyls," by Robert Browning.

Here is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts whelped, for den,
In a wild part of North England, there lived once two wild men
Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut,
Time out of mind their birthright: father and son, these—but—
Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by degrees
Softens away: yet, last of their line, the wildest and worst were these.
Criminals, then? Why, no: they did not murder and rob;
But give them a word, they returned a blow—old Halbert as young Hob:
Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of deed,
Hated or feared the more—who knows?—the genuine wild-beast breed.

Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of the country-side;
But how fared each with other? E'en beasts couch, hide by hide,
In a growling, grudged agreement: so, father and son lay curled
The closelier up in their den because the last of their kind in the world.

Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christmas-night of snow,
Came father and son to words—such words! more cruel because the blow
To crown each word was wanting, while taunt matched gibe, and curse
Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in hell—nay, worse:
For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprang at last
The son at the throat of the father, seized him and held him fast.

"Out of this house you go!"—(there followed a hideous oath)—
"This oven where now we bake, too hot to hold us both!
If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out with you, bide a spell
In the drift, and save the sexton the charge of a parish shell!"

Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as stump of oak
Untouched at the core by a thousand years: much less had its seventy broke
One whip-cord nerve in the muscly mass from neck to shoulder-blade
Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's rash hand like a feather weighed.

Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut his eyes,
Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides, stand stiffened—arms and thighs
All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry stands,
Patient to take the enemy's fire: his captain so commands.

Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such sheer scorn
Of his puny strength by the giant eld thus acting the babe new-born.
And "Neither will this turn serve!" yelled he. "Out with you! Trundle, log!
If you can not tramp and trudge like a man, try all fours like a dog!"

Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise—down to the floor
Pulled from his fire-side place, dragged on from hearth to door—
Was he pushed, a very log, a staircase along, until
A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard from the house door-sill.

Then the father opened his eyes—each spark of their rage extinct—
Temples, late black, dead-blanched—right hand with left hand linked—
He faced his son submissive; when slow the accents came,
They were strangely mild, though his son's rash hand on his neck lay all the same.

"Halbert, on such a night of a Christmas long ago,
For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag—so—
My father down thus far; but, softening here, I heard
A voice in my heart, and stopped: you wait for an outer word.

"For your own sake, not mine, soften you too! Untrod
Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger of God!
I dared not pass its lifting: I did well. I nor blame
Nor praise you. I stopped here: Halbert, do you the same!"

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's throat.
They mounted, side by side, to the room again: no note
Took either of each, no sign made each to either: last
As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-night they passed.

At dawn, the father sate on, dead, in the self-same place,
With an outburst blackening still the old bad fighting-face;
But the son crouched all a-tremble like any lamb new-yeaned.

When he went to the burial, some one's staff he borrowed—tottered and leaned.
But his lips were loose, not locked—kept muttering, mumbling. "There!
At his cursing and swearing!" the youngsters cried; but the elders thought, "In prayer."
A boy threw stones: he picked them up and stored them in his vest.

So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he died, perhaps found rest.
"Is there a reason in nature for those hard hearts?" O Lear,
That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear!

SIRENIA.

Among the near relations and somewhat interesting allies of the whales, are the Manatees, or "sea-cows," and the Dugongs, collectively named *Sirenia*, in the category of zoologists. The origin of this latter name is attended with some degree of interest. It has been bestowed on these animals from their habit of assuming an upright or semi-erect posture in the water; their appearance in this position, and especially when viewed from a distance by the imaginative nautical mind, having doubtless laid a foundation, in fact, for the tales of "sirens" and "mermaids" anxious to lure sailors to destruction by their amatory numbers. Any one who has watched the manœuvres of a seal from a short distance must have been struck with the close resemblance to the human face which the countenance of these animals presents. Such a likeness is seen even to a greater degree in the sea-cows, which also possess the habit of folding their "flippers," or swimming paddles, across their chests, and, it is said, of holding the young to the breast in the act of nutrition by aid of the paddle-like fore-limbs. If we mistake not, Captain Sowerby mentions, in an account of his voyages, that the surgeon of the ship on one occasion came to him in a state of excitement to announce that he had seen a man swimming in the water close at hand, the supposed human being proving to be a manatee, which had been, doubtless, merely exercising a natural curiosity regarding the ship and its tenants.

These animals are near relatives of the whales, but differ from them not merely in habits, but in bodily structure and conformation. They live an estuarine existence, rarely venturing out to sea. The manatees occur in the shallow waters and at the mouths of the great rivers of the Atlantic coasts of America and Africa. The dugongs inhabit the shores of the Indian Ocean, and are common on certain parts of the Australian coasts. There are only two living genera—the manatees and dugongs—of these animals; a third, the *Rhytina stelleri*, having, like the famous Dodo, become extinct through its wholesale slaughter by man in 1768—just twenty-seven years after it was first discovered by the voyager Behring on a small island lying off the Kamtchatkan coast. The Rhytina was a great unwieldy animal of some twenty-seven feet in length, and about twenty feet in circumference. It fell a ready prey to Behring and his crew, who were located on the island for several months, the work of extermination being duly completed by subsequent voyagers who visited the island.

The manatees and dugongs possess bodies which, as regards their shape, may be described each as a great barrel "long drawn out." No hinder limbs are developed, this latter peculiarity distinguishing them from the seals, and relating them to the whales. The hide is very tough, sparsely covered with hair, and most nearly resembles that of the hippopotamus. The "flippers," or paddle-like limbs, are placed far forward on the body, and on the edge of the paddle rudimentary nails are developed, whilst concealed beneath the skin of the paddle we find the complete skeleton of an arm or fore-limb. The tail is broad, horizontally flattened, like that of the whales, and forms an effective propeller. These animals are vegetable feeders, the London Zoological Society's specimen having exhibited a strong partiality for lettuce and vegetable-marrow. In a state of nature the sea-cows crop the marine vegetation which fringes their native shores. The remaining outward features of interest in these creatures may be summed up by saying that no back fins are developed; that the eyes are very small and inconspicuous; and that although the anterior nostrils are never used as "blow-holes," they can be closed at will like the nostrils of the seals—a faculty of needful kind in aquatic animals. To the technical anatomist, the sea-cows present strong points of resemblance to some of the hoofed quadrupeds. The anatomical examination of these animals has shown that their peculiarities are not limited to their outward appearance and habits. It is not generally known, for example, that the neck of the vast majority of mammals consists of seven vertebræ or segments of the spine. Man thus possesses this number in common with the giraffe, the elongation of whose neck is produced not by introduction of new vertebræ, but by the great development of the normal number, seven. The manatees, however, present a very remarkable exception to this most general of rules, in that they possess only six vertebræ in their necks. The only other exceptions to the rule of seven as the normal number of neck-vertebræ in quadrupeds are found in one species of sloth which has six vertebræ like the manatee, and in another kind of sloth which possesses nine. Then, also, the manatees possess a heart of very curious conformation, its apex or tip being widely cleft or divided—a feature much more plainly marked in these animals than in the elephants and seals, whose hearts, anatomically speaking, are also divided. The manatees possess well-developed molars or grinding teeth, but have no front teeth in the adult state. Like the whalebone whale, however, the young manatee has front teeth, these disappearing before birth, and presenting us once more with examples of rudimentary organs which possess a reference "to a former state of things."

What evidence is at hand respecting the remote ancestors of the whales and their neighbors? is a question which may form a fitting conclusion to these brief details of the family history of the group. The geological evidence shows us that the whales are comparatively "recent" forms, speaking geologically, and dealing—notwithstanding the word "recent"—with very remote and immense periods of time. Amongst the oldest fossil whales we find one form in particular (*Zeuglodon*) which had teeth of larger kind than are possessed by any living whale, this creature being by some authorities regarded as linking the whales with the seals. The fossil remains of Zeuglodon and its neighbors first occur in Eocene rocks—that is, in the oldest formations of the Tertiary series, and in rocks of relatively "recent" nature. These remarkable creatures were as gigantic as their living representatives. One species is known to have attained a length of seventy feet. Their remains are of such frequent occurrence in the "Jackson Beds" of the United States, that Professor Dana remarks, "the large vertebræ, some of them a foot and a half long and a foot in diameter, were formerly so abundant over the country in Alabama, that they were used for making walls, or were burned to rid the fields of them." The teeth of this curious monster of the vasty Eocene deep were of two kinds, and included front teeth of conical shape, and grinders or molars; the latter exhibiting a striking peculiarity in that they were formed each of two halves, or teeth united by their crowns, but separated at their roots. Zeuglodon appears to connect the whales and their neighbors with the seals and walruses, and thus in one sense may be said to constitute, if not a "missing link," at least an intermediate form of anomalous kind, when viewed relatively to the existing cetaceans. According to the geological evidence at hand, we may assume that the modifications which have produced the existing whales and their neighbors are of comparatively recent date, and that their adaptation to an aquatic life is a thing but of yesterday, when compared with the duration of previous æons in the history of our globe.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH STEAMER.

The new steamer *Arizona*, of the Williams & Guion Line, which reached this port on her first trip a few days since, is the largest passenger vessel afloat, except the *Great Eastern*. She outstripped her schedule time by a full day, making the run from Queenstown to New York in seven days, eleven hours, and twenty-two minutes. Her officers claim that she will do still better when her machinery has been used for a little while.

Her model is one of the finest it is possible to imagine, her lines and clear sheer being those of a racing yacht, and her four masts and two funnels, all of which have a slight rake, add an extra nautical feature to the generally graceful appearance of the ship. She is 465 feet in length, 46 feet beam, 37½ feet depth of hold, and close on 6000 tons burden. Her engines are the latest improvement on the compound principle, there being one high and two low pressure cylinders, of an indicated horse-power of 7000. She is propelled with a four-bladed screw 23 feet in diameter, with a pitch of 33 feet. The steam is generated by seven double-ended boilers, and the consumption of coal is estimated at about one hundred tons per day for full steaming purposes. There are on the main-deck five powerful steam-winches, with double-gearing steam-capstan for working the anchor, etc. She is steered from the bridge by steam, and in case of accident is fitted up with the usual manual steering gear in a wheel-house, protected by a strong iron turtle-back deck. There are also steam-pumps and a powerful engine, by which any quantity of water can be brought to any part of the ship in a few seconds. The whole length of the main-deck affords a splendid promenade. There is a fine stretch of clear deck upward of 400 feet, and it can be used in all kinds of weather, as it is protected overhead by the projecting sides of the spacious saloon deck. In fine weather there is nothing whatever to interrupt the view seaward, while a long range of permanent seats on each side of the deck-houses will afford passengers an easy lounge. The splendid entrance to the saloon leads from the main-deck forward. The saloon has two separate entrances. The handsome smoking-room is fitted up with a number of circular white marble tables; the ceiling is painted a pure white, with panels bordered with gold, and are separated by columns surmounted with gilt-moulded caps and scroll-work. The lounges and settees are upholstered in crimson velvet, with oil-cloth to match. The ladies' boudoir is the most elegant apartment of the kind that could be wished for by the most fastidious of the fair sex; nothing can exceed the comfort combined with elegance which pervades this room. From this room ladies have easy access to the saloon, and here, as on the main-deck, a splendid promenade presents itself, the view being uninterrupted from stem to stern. The saloon occupies the entire breadth of the ship, and is lit up by thirty-six silver-plated lamps; it is also furnished with revolving chairs, a splendid full-toned piano, and a library. The state-rooms, which are situated forward and aft the saloon, are fitted up with every consideration for the comfort of the passengers. Nothing appears to be left undone for voyagers' comfort, bath-rooms, barber's shop, wash-basins, etc., being carefully supplied. Aft of the saloon is situated the intermediate accommodation. Nothing could exceed the care which has been bestowed upon the arrangements provided for this class of passengers. The ceiling is high, and the cabin is flooded with light; the sleeping berths are well ventilated, well lighted, and lofty, and combine comfort with a degree of elegance rare in intermediate accommodation; in fact, it is not many years since this cabin would have been considered an exceptionally good saloon in some of our ocean-going steamers. The "steerage" is a vast improvement on any thing of the kind hitherto provided, the berths being well lighted and well ventilated. The comfort of the steerage passengers appears to have entered as much into the consideration of the builders and owners of the *Arizona* as that of the more affluent and favored class of ocean travellers. She can, if necessary, accommodate 2000 passengers, of whom 160 can dine together in the saloon. She is commanded by Captain James Price, Sen., the oldest, most trusted, and most experienced officer of the Guion Company, which company, by-the-way, has not lost a single life for the last thirty years.

THE MAGPIE AND THE RAT.

A writer in the north of England gives the following anecdotes relating to the above-mentioned well-known animals:

About three months ago I brought a tame magpie with me out of Staffordshire to my residence here, and shortly after its arrival it flew on to the window-sill of my sitting-room, seemingly frightened; and on looking out of the window for the cause of its sudden appearance, I found several wild magpies in some trees opposite the window, chattering away very loudly to the tame one, which I found they must have previously assailed, as it was strutting about on the sill and chattering back to them in defiance. A short time after this occurrence Mag flew to the window and knocked on it with its bill, which it invariably does when wanting food. The window was opened, and some pieces of bread put out, one of which Mag immediately picked up and flew with into the trees referred to, and gave it to one of several wild magpies which were there; and this performance Mag repeated several times, until it had fed the whole lot of them. And many times during the heavy storm we had at the beginning of the year, Mag fed these wild magpies, which no doubt would have often been sorely pinched for food but for the charity of my bird. But Mag's benevolent deeds, I am sorry to say, are counterbalanced by very bad ones. One of the latter I will relate. On Saturday morning last my aunt, before leaving her bedroom, put her watch into its case, fastened it up, and placed it on the mantel-piece. Now Mag must have been at the window and witnessed this, for as soon as the lady's back was turned, the wily creature flew into the room, unfastened the case, which was fastened with two hooks, opened it, abstracted the watch, broke the glass, and was on the point of flying off with it, when my aunt fortunately returned to the room just in time to rescue her watch from the feathered thief.

Not many hundred yards from here, in the village of Sparrow Pit, which is distant from Chapel-en-le-Frith about three miles, there is a farm occupied by a Mr. William Turner. This gentleman has on several occasions lately missed some eggs from the place where his hens lay; and one day last week he was accidentally let into the secret of their theft, when, upon entering his yard, he was amazed at being the spectator of a wonderful amount of instinct displayed by two rats, one of which had a hen's egg across its shoulder, with its two fore-legs turned round over the egg as far as they would reach, to hold it on, whilst the other rat had hold of its tail, by which it was pulling it across the yard, egg and all, to where their holes were. Such a feat as this for two rats to perform seems almost incredible; but nevertheless it is a fact, as the gentleman's word who witnessed it is to be relied on.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man who made a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the country, and business being a little dull, he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person he stated his occupation, and asked if she wouldn't like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him!" she said, wofully; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had had one line less, he would have been alive to-day." "What ailed him, madam?" "He was hung."

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler who boasted his ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say, 'the older the seed, the worse the crop.'"

The college boat-races have begun, and we shall now see the result of the winter's hard study.

More people should die on Saturday than any other day; it's the recognized end of the weak.

A gentleman being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam-boiler exploded, is said to have replied that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that mere steam had no effect on him.

Crusty says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

What makes most women wild is to wait for the postman half an hour, and then see him walk by indifferently.

Good housekeepers hate to put off washing-day. With them it is "soap deferred that maketh the heart sick."

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestrated that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort."

"Byron, my son," said a literary father to his athletic son—"Byron never played base-ball." "No," said the boy, putting on his orange-colored shirt; "and George Washington never wrote poetry." Here the morning hour expired, and the bill went over.

Could Cicero a boat?

Stern, but true.—"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, Sir?" asked the student. "Because," answered the stern old professor, "you can't get enough of it."

Wanted Strength.—A boy had always declined to eat oatmeal, although his mother had urged it upon him as a strengthening diet. Suddenly he surprised her by one morning eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. When she asked for an explanation, he replied, "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I get strong enough to whip Georgy Scott."

It is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of the breakfast coffee.

Romantic.—It was after the opera, and they were in a rendezvous for material refreshments. The usual talk about the singing and the artists subsiding, he, as a souvenir of the evening, offered her his button-hole bouquet. She, accepting, said: "How lovely!" He added: "What fragrance, too!" And then she, sniffing the savory odor of the incoming oysters, echoed: "Yes, what fragrant stew!" Then he became involved in thought.

had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her—of this little foreigner who had come amongst them four years ago, with an old mother, since dead, and who earned her daily bread honestly among them.

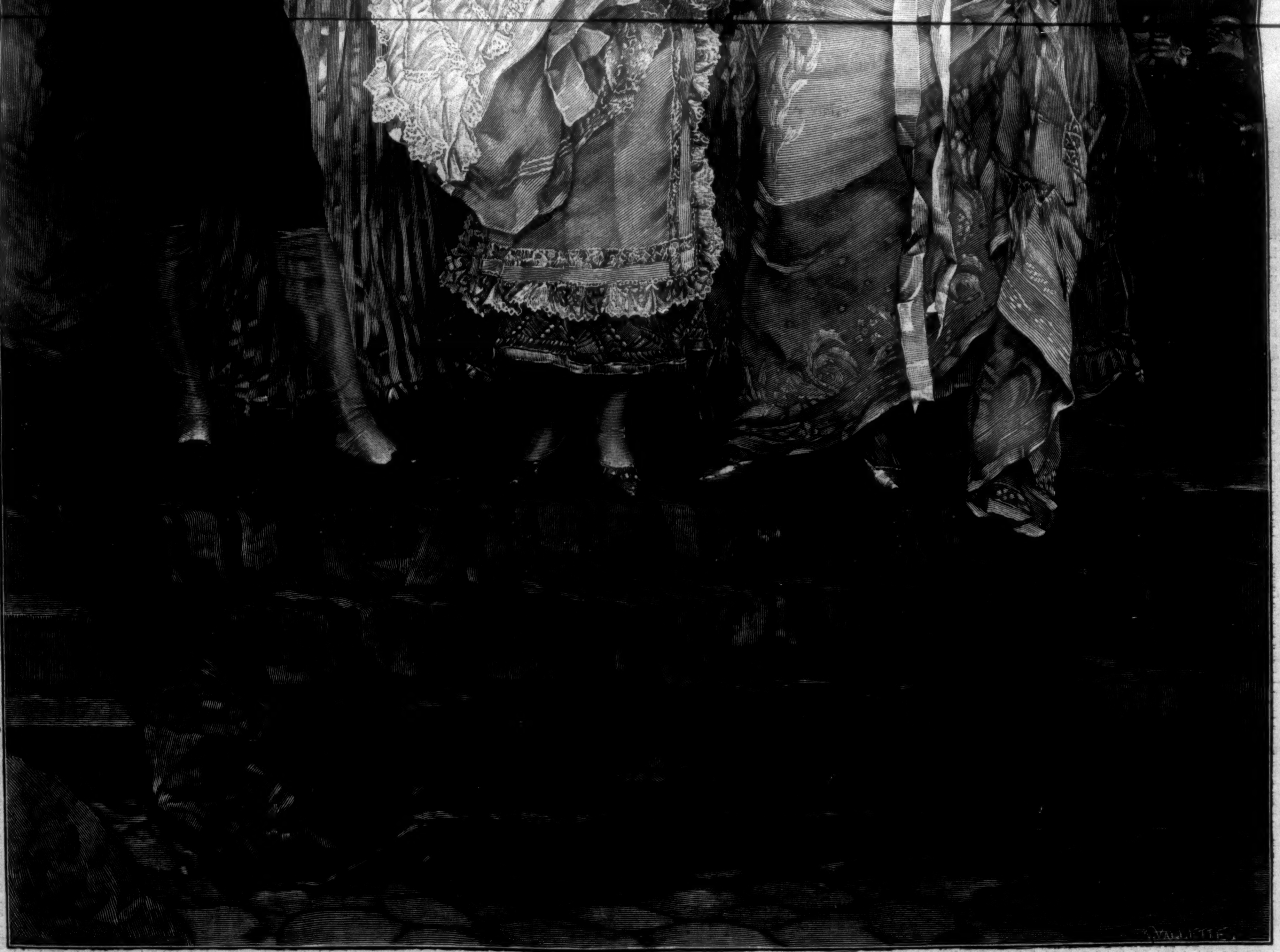
Then as it grew even darker Hans Gottlieb would become aware that the day and its work were over, and would lay aside his chisel, and also seek what little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not laugh or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier; it was not his way; and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William Street. Beyond a "Good-evening, neighbor," they did not seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe; only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he was at work upon, or if he had had a good order, and then poor Hans, flushing all over his fair face, would proceed to describe his work, his prospects, until Rose, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders, would tell him in her foreign German she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower; it was too late now, but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, he must try and explain it all again, for it was interesting, so interesting. But for now it must be good-night, "good-night to every one;" and the slight, trim figure had disappeared, and the door was closed.

The neighbors, watching Hans as he strolled up and down the little street afterward, pipe in mouth, nodded and smiled to one another. "Ah, when there is enough for two over yonder, there will be a wedding!" Such was the form the whispering took.

Even the hardest workers take a holiday now and again, and the feast of St. John the Baptist is esteemed in Friedrichburg the legitimate summer holiday of all its industrious inhabitants. The happy day is spent, according to an old custom, at a small village some three miles distant from the town, where a time-honored fair is held.

Lion-tamers, fat women, dwarfs, giants, all the hundred and one shows that are the rightful property of a fair, are to be found there, and later on there is dancing under the soft evening sky, and after that, home early, so as to be up and about on the morrow, to work, if possible, harder than ever, to make up for the wasted day.

To Rose Cordier, with her quick French blood, her youth, her light-heartedness, this fête was one to which she looked forward for many weeks beforehand, and the little foreigner knew she was never likely to want a cavalier, and this was looked upon as almost a *sine qua non* of the entertainment.



A FRENCH CHRISTENING—COSTUMES OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KAEMERER.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June, looking as fresh and bright as the red roses in her belt, and Hans appear immediately afterward, a companion rose in his button-hole. They were all standing about in little groups, preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity, many of them with babies in their arms, and little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to give an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans, suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my atelier, mademoiselle? I have been working at something I should like to show you."

surely had the stamp of genius upon them; "but it wants *something*," she added, after a pause.

"What?" he inquired, eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I can not find out whether it is right or wrong."

"I know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Color! Ah, monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last week for the Gräfinn von Adeldorf for a ball, you would know what I mean. Oh!"—with a little clasp of her hands—"it was perfect! Perfect as Love!"

Her thoughts had quite wandered away from the delicate flowers before her; indeed, she did not remember them until they stood once more in the street, with the door closed behind them, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

kind as to take an interest in me, and wish me well! Why—" But here they had reached the merry, laughing crowd, and the spot where the omnibus was awaiting them, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to await completion at some future time.

And it was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By-and-by, when there was a little more money in his pocket, and a home worthy of offering to a wife, then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this as on other occasions it was a case of "man proposes," at least so far as Hans was concerned, for, the long, joyful day over, and tired holiday-seekers beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft starry sky, walking townward by the side of Rose Cordier.

have nothing to offer, but I am young, and strong, and willing to work—and I love you, Rose."

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands in his.

Rose was moved too. The tears stood in her bright eyes; her cheeks looked pale in the starlight.

"Yes, dear Hans," she said, timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learned to love; "but, you see—"

"Yes, I see. We could not live upon nothing. No, alas! no. But, Rose," the color flushing up into his face again as he said, hesitatingly, "we might be engaged? Could you—oh, I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

street, "here we are at home! How quickly we have come! Good-night, Hans."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his, and looked down at the pretty face.

"It is such a pity," she said, softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity!" he echoed, sadly, loosing her hand as he spoke.

"And you are not angry with me?" she went on.

"Angry? no, certainly not. Why, I see, of course, you were right. It was silly of me to ask you to wait; you might be an old woman before I had enough for us to marry on."

"Yes, dear Hans, it would never do. I knew you would agree with me when you thought it over. But you will still remain my friend?"

Hans did not look again; he drew down his own blind then, and with a sigh went back to the carving of his delicate rose leaves.

But after that evening he gave up his little room, packed his few goods, and made up his mind to go away—to go to Rome, that haven of ambitious minds.

Now that the little savings were not all to be hoarded against the day when they might be wanted for another, it was no use guarding them any more. Better, so Hans decided, use them in going away to where daily bread might perhaps be easier come by than in this narrow German town; where perhaps even the carving he was so fond of might gain him congenial work, and allow him to put on one side this other work that occupied him now.

Besides, if the worst came to the worst, and he did drift into utter poverty, it did not so much matter *now*.

And with that "now" Hans buried the past, and started forth on his travels.

First, however, he went across the street, and for the first time entered Rose's domain—Madame Leroux, as he had to call her.

"I have come to wish you good-by, madame," he said. "And see, I have brought you, as a parting present, the little wreath. It is finished now."

He laid it down as he spoke amongst the colored roses on the table, between monsieur and madame as they sat at work.

"Oh, that is good of you, very good!" cried Rose, the ever-ready tears coming into her eyes. "And so you are going away? Ah, my husband," turning toward spruce, neat-fingered M. Leroux, "thou must also wish Monsieur Hans 'godspeed,' for in the old days before I was married he was always a kind friend to me. And see, also, what a beautiful present he has brought us!"

At his wife's words M. André stood up.

"Monsieur is aimable, most aimable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of André Leroux! Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. André, and Gottlieb had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to the wall."

"It *is* pretty," said his wife. "I always thought so, but now, André, that I see it amongst all these red roses, I am sure that what I said of it at first is quite true—it wants color!"

"You have it exactly, my wife," replied M. Leroux, with fond appreciation of Rose's cleverness. "That is just what it needs—but then we can not have *every thing*." And M. André's gaze returned with much satisfaction to the crimson roses before him.

It would have surprised this couple, perhaps, if they could have seen on into the coming years—if they could have listened to the words of a world-renowned collector of the beauties of art.

"He only did two of them"—he was addressing some three or four eager listeners in a London ball-room—"the one that he did for Levison, and which first made him famous. You never

A SKETCH IN A NARROW STREET.

It was so narrow, this little back street, in the quaint, old-fashioned German town, that Hans Gottlieb could, if he had so wished, have shaken hands out of his window with his opposite neighbor.

The sun that shone so bravely elsewhere was seldom visible here, only in the early morning a few golden gleams found their way in, and gave faint encouragement to the two or three flowers that blossomed in pots on the window-sill.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the casement opposite would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a blithe little French song, would ring across the silent street to his listening ears; how a slim pretty figure would for a moment stand framed in the blossoming scarlet-runners—a pretty figure, with dark French eyes, and black hair, drawn up under a white cap, a beautiful contrast, so Hans thought, to his comely yellow-haired countrywomen. As soon as this vision appeared, Hans would pause in his work and turn his eyes toward it; would wait till the watering of the flowers and the singing of the song were alike ended, and then would approach his window.

"Good-morning," his neighbor would call across, in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good-morning, Monsieur Gottlieb;" and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish into the dark shadows, and Hans return to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win, even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes in talk, yet Hans as he worked, dreaming of the days when stone-carving should not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite—a table covered with many bright-colored scraps of muslin and paper, which in due course, under those deft small hands, became summer flowers, at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, yet so far apart, abstaining from all conversation which might have made the days pass more quickly; but then an hour's idleness might mean going supperless to bed, so that even Rose Cordier, dearly as she loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it, except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the coolness in the little close street, and the shadowy gray of the strip of sky overhead, gave notice that the long summer day was drawing to an end, when the small room grew dark, then Rose would rise and open the door to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbors—with the women sitting on their door-steps knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking—for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her—of this little foreigner who had

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

They turned back as she spoke, and he pushed open the door.

"See," he said; "it is not finished yet, but it is to be a wreath of roses."

He led her, as he said those words, to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, it lay—the half-completed circlet of carved flowers.

"It *is* pretty," she said. And then: "Is it an order? What will you get for it?"

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"It *is* pretty," she repeated, touching with her small fingers the delicate curled leaves, which

"They are very pretty," she said, softly, "but you see they are not finished yet. When they are, perhaps—who knows?—you might sell them."

"Perhaps," he said. "I could try, if you wish it; but when I made them I thought"—the color swept up into his face—"that *you* would like them."

"Yes, so I should, if you were rich enough to give presents, or if— Well, you will not mind my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? That is a bad thing"—shaking her pretty head. "It does not make a fortune, and money, you know, one must have. So take my advice—leave off carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell. You are not angry?"

"Angry," repeated Hans, "when you are so

"It would be pleasanter to walk," he had said, standing by the crowded omnibus, filled with drowsy crying children and wearied mothers. "Are *you* tired, mademoiselle?"—after a second's pause: "would you rather drive?"

"No; I will come with you," she had replied: "it will save the sous."

So they had started homeward together. And ere very long Hans found himself reverting to those unfinished words of the morning.

Love-making seemed so natural, so desirable, under these circumstances, that it was difficult to think of waking up on the morrow to the hard day's work, and the knowledge that where it is so difficult to keep one, what would be done if there was yet another?

"It is selfish of me to ask you, Rose, when I

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind, but—it would be so long, and—" There was no mistaking the girl's tones, even if the words were a little vague.

"And there is André Leroux?"

"He is from my country," cried the girl, quickly, blushing a bright rosy red. "It is natural, amongst strangers, I should like to see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose; I am not blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, amongst strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often lonely for you?"

"Yes, Hans," Rose replied, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you, I should find the little street but dull and sad since the poor mother died. And, ah," as they entered the said

"Always your friend, Rose. It does not matter, you know, how poor a *friend* is." Thus they parted—Rose to weep a few tears, and then to fall asleep and dream of André Leroux; Hans to ponder over whether there was nothing to be done, nothing he could do, to better his position.

It was so difficult, more difficult in the prosaic light of day even than when dreaming over it, pipe in mouth, in the soft summer evenings.

Carving the letters of a dead friend's name—more often painting them on common black wood, for the customers who sought out the little atelier of Hans Gottlieb were not often well-to-do—is not a swift road to a fortune.

And although he was not proud, and after Rose's remarks about the time wasted over the wreath of roses, which might perhaps have been turned to better account, he had done what little odd jobs he could after working hours, still even then the little heap of savings did not seem to increase much.

And oftener and oftener now Hans noted a certain M. André Leroux come up the narrow street of an evening, to walk up and down in the twilight with his opposite neighbor.

Each time the sight of the spruce French flower-maker—for André's trade was the same as Rose's—sent a throb of pain to the great honest heart of Hans Gottlieb. But he did not repine, did not blame Rose. It was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, that was all. But not a cause for complaining, only a burden, like so many others that fall to the lot of the poor man—a part of his day's work.

It was not so often now that Rose Cordier ran across in the gloaming to ask how his work progressed, and the neighbors ceased to gossip and nod their heads when they saw them speak to one another. "It was changed, all that, that they had thought likely to come to pass; the wind was in another quarter now; they could see, ah yes, it was not difficult to see what was coming."

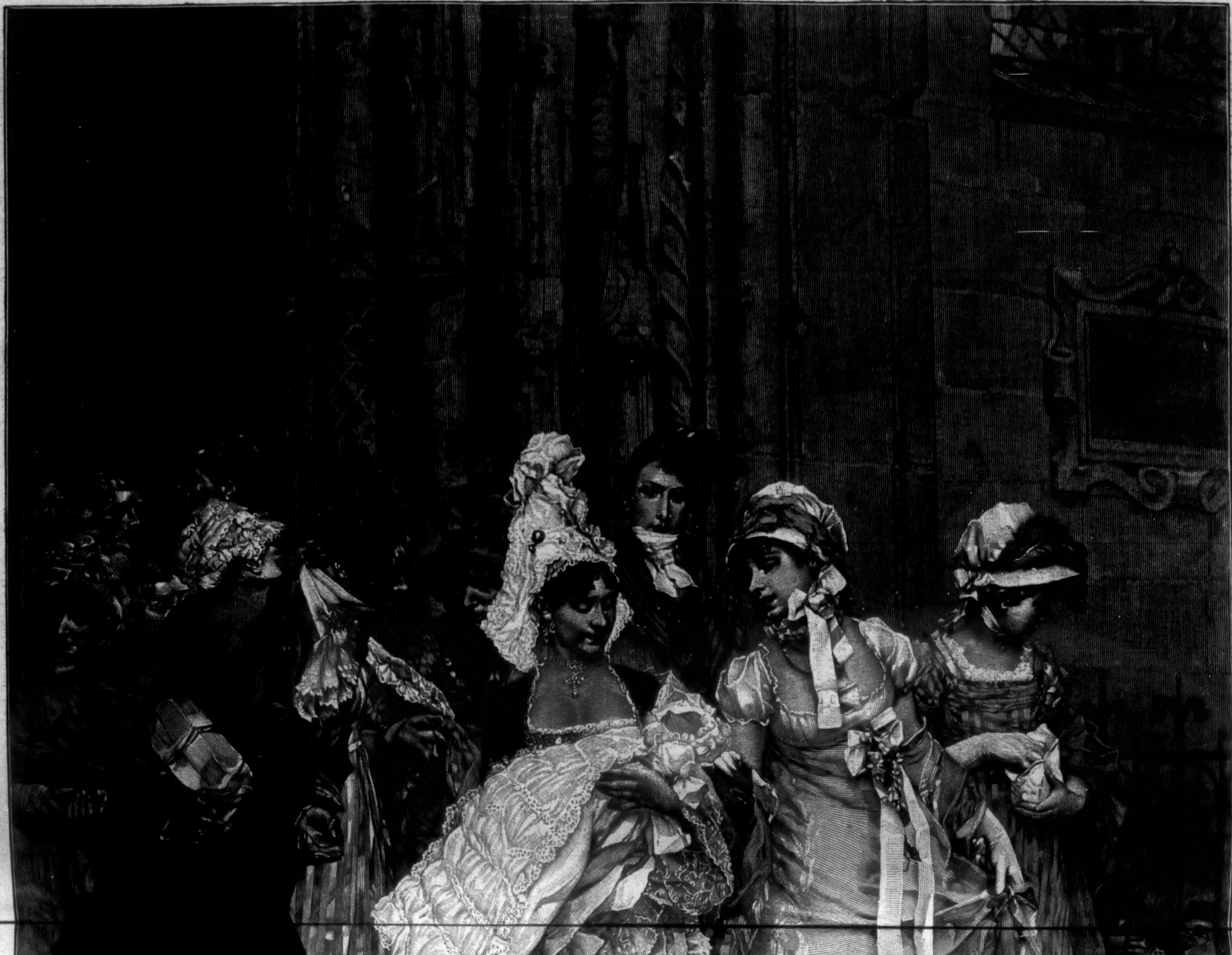
Only the children did not forsake Hans, but were just as eager to talk to him and run after him as in the days when there was no spruce Frenchman to share with him the honor of the narrow street.

Then came a morning when Hans as he worked saw a couple issue from the opposite house, followed by as many neighbors as could spare an hour's holiday; Rose with a late Gloire de Dijon in her belt, a bright color on her cheeks, and her dark eyes shining with pride and happiness, her hand on André's arm.

"Good-morning, Hans," she cried, in her sweet voice, as she passed his open door. "I am going to be married this morning, but we shall not take the wedding holiday till Sunday. If you can come, do." And then passed on before there was a chance of saying more than "A happy future!" That evening, as Hans worked at the rose wreath—it was nearly completed now—he chanced to look across to the window where he had so often seen the bent head and the trim figure. But to-night the lamp was lit, for it soon grew dark now, too soon for work to be relinquished with the twilight, and on the blind was the reflection of *two* heads, of *four* busy hands.

Hans did not look again; he drew down his own blind then, and with a sigh went back to the carving of his delicate rose leaves.

But after that evening he gave



saw it? Why, it is a marvel! The curl of the leaves, the very dew on the fresh petals, it is wonderful. I would have given him any thing he asked for one like it. But, poor fellow, as you know, he only just lived long enough to know he was famous.

"However, when I was last in Friedrichburg, his native town, and striving to find out all I could about him—if he had done any thing before he went to Rome—there in that wretched, narrow street, as I was telling you before, I found this fac-simile of his greatest work, a present to a sweetheart, I suppose. They had told me she knew him, that he used to live opposite to her, so I called to see if I could glean any thing about him, and there, hanging up on the wall, I saw that very wreath that had been haunting me for months."

"How did you persuade her to part with it?"

"Ah, Lady Grace, that was not very difficult—honest English gold. How her eyes glistened at the sight of it! Very pretty eyes they were, too. She cried when I took it down, cried when I told her Hans was dead. But her husband comforted her. 'See, my wife,' he said, 'I will make for thee a wreath of these lovely roses of just the same size'—did I say they were artificial-flower makers?—'and we will hang it up in its place, so that you will not miss the other. And as to him, poor fellow, life is difficult, and perhaps he is well out of it.'

"So madame dried her tears.

"'Ah, that will be lovely,' I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; 'and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath—we could only look at it!'

"You are interested in it now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon, and see the wreath of roses? Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

ODD AND WHIMSICAL FUNERALS.

THERE are some people whose love of singularity is not limited to the scenes and events which they themselves may witness or enjoy. They may be said, in one sense, to wish to live again on this earth after their death, and to participate in their own *post-mortem* celebrity. This eccentricity is not confined to the questions whether or not their dead bodies shall be inclosed in coffins for interment, nor whether they shall be buried standing up, sitting down, or prostrate on their backs. It manifests itself also in the vestments to be worn by the deceased in the grave, the procession or cortége to the place of interment, the selection and treatment of the mourners, the position and materials of the grave, the nature and arrangement of the tomb or monument, and the provision for keeping it in repair. Individual whimsicalities these, not belonging collectively to any special nation, creed, age, or profession.

Feasting and drinking at funerals used to be carried to great lengths, and it is only in recent times that this form of unseemly extravagance has disappeared, except in remote situations. Pretentious display was also carried to extremes. At Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, some years ago, a coffin on being opened was found to contain the remains of a lady dressed up in a full old-fashioned costume; there were a multiplicity of pins in her dress, all blackened with age and tarnish. In 1763 a young lady, in fulfillment of her last request, was buried in her wedding garments—in this wise: Her white negligee and petticoat were quilted into a mattress, pillow, and lining for the coffin; her wedding shift was used as a winding-sheet, with a fine point-lace tucker, handkerchief, apron, and ruffles; a point-lace lappet was on her head; and she wore her ear-rings, finger-rings, necklace, white silk stockings, and silver-spangled shoes with steel buckles.

Many persons in medium circumstances formerly made a great effort to emulate the magnificent at the burial of their friends. A case in point was that of a cheese-monger in Thames Street, whose body "lay in state" for a week, and was followed to the grave by a train of coaches, each drawn by six horses, and flanked by mutes and flambeau-bearers. The Emperor Charles V. is said to have rehearsed his own funeral to see and hear how it would "go off." Tomb, coffin, black trappings, monks, domestics, taper-bearers, all were duly provided, and the imperial recluse (he had abandoned the splendors of sovereignty over Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the Indies, and retired to a monastery in 1557) caused himself to be carried in his own coffin. Not only did he hear his own requiem sung, but joined in it himself. His funeral obsequies were observed in reality soon afterward. A somewhat less important person in the eyes of the world was Mrs. Margaret Crosins, of Cuxton, in Kent, who was buried (in 1783) in a costly dress of scarlet satin. During her lifetime she caused a pyramid-shaped monument to be erected; under it was a vault with a glass door, a green silk curtain in front of the glass, and a lock and key placed inside. Resting on tressels in the vault her mahogany coffin was placed, but not fastened down. Gossips would have it that she had provided the means of letting herself out in the event of reviving after interment.

In a great number of instances oddity has been more studied than magnificence, costliness, eating, or drinking, at the funerals of whimsical folks. A dust contractor in the days of George IV. left instructions that the procession following him to the grave should comprise twelve boys carrying links; twelve men carrying dustmen's whips and shovels reversed; a favorite horse provided with cloth spatterdashes; a dust-cart covered with black baize, the coffin in the cart, surmounted by a very large plume of white feathers; twelve dustmen and brickmakers as pall-bearers, all clad in white flannel jackets and leather breeches; the whole wound up by a long string of carts filled with dustmen, cinder-sifters, and chimney-sweepers. A few years earlier one Mr. Woodford, of Fetter Lane, displayed oddity with a little more gentility than the dust contractor. Being a member of the Lumber Troop (a volunteer corps in the City of London), he left instructions that after his death his body should be carried to the troop-room, and thence borne by troopers to the grave; that minute-guns should be fired during the funeral procession; that a military salute should be fired over the grave in St. Bride's Church-yard; and that a crooked guinea (crooked, we presume, for luck) should finally be spent in punch and tobacco to regale the troopers. A crotchety old Yorkshireman about half a century ago left directions that the day of his burial should be ushered in with a great public breakfast in the town where he might die; that the coffin, slung upon towels knotted together, should be borne along by relays of men, and "bumped" three times upon a particular heap of stones; that the "Lamentation of a Sinner" should then be sung; and that every man, woman, and child who entered the church-yard with or after the procession should receive a dole of sixpence. Never, we may fairly believe, was that particular church-yard before or since so plentifully filled with living beings: mourners only in this sense, that they longed for a succession of men who would order their funerals in similar fashion. One old lady, an inveterate snuff-taker, left a will in which the bequests were mainly dependent on the observance of certain rules connected with her favorite excitant. Snuff was to be thrown into the coffin before the snuff-taking testatrix was "screwed down;" snuff to be strewn on the threshold before the funeral cortége passed out; the coffin to be borne by the six most determined snuff-takers in the parish; six old maids as pall-bearers, with well-filled snuff-boxes in their hands; snuff to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards in advance of the coffin; and the officiating clergyman's large retaining fee to be in some way proportionate to the quantity of snuff he took during the ceremonial.

An eccentric Nottingham man known as Ned Dawson was strong in his Toryism as in his eccentricity. He caused his coffin to be made during his lifetime, and painted true blue (the Tory colors). He used it as a cupboard for twenty years; but once each year, on the anniversary of his birthday, he brought it into requisition in a still more singular manner. He dressed in his best clothes, and lay down in his coffin to see that it was all right in dimensions; then emerging, the coffin was filled with goodly viands, and carried on the shoulders of his associates, he himself following as chief mourner with a large pitcher of ale in his hand; and so the procession made a tour of some of the rooms and passages of his house, ending, as may be readily guessed, in a repast partaking of the nature of a "jollification."

Early in the present century one Captain Backhouse, a military man who had been in the East India Company's service, was buried in a style singular enough, though not outrageously extravagant. He built himself a house in eccentric fashion at Missenden, in Buckinghamshire, and made anticipatory arrangements for his funeral, certainly marked by no great reverence for established usages. "I will have nothing to do with the church or the church-yard; bury me in my own wood on the hill, and my sword with me, and I'll defy all the evil spirits in existence to injure me." His remains were deposited according to his will. A kind of dwarf pyramid of flints and brick-work was constructed, about eleven feet square by fifteen feet high, with a small Gothic window on the north side and another on the south. Being partly overgrown with ivy, and in a thick plantation on the top of a hill, it is about as far removed from the eye of a passing stranger as a monument can well be. The coffin is placed upright in the tomb, and the captain's sword on the top of it. One of his descendants, some years afterward, wishing to consult public sentiment a little more closely, had the coffin quietly removed from the pyramid and interred in the parish church-yard.

The Rev. Langton Freeman, who was rector of Bilton, in Warwickshire, about a century ago, did his best to obtain for his own funeral a very detailed attention to his own wishes by certain clauses in his will. "For four or five days after my decease, and until my body grows offensive, I would not be removed out of the bed or place I may die in. And then I would be carried in the same bed, decently and privately, to the summer-house now erected in the garden belonging to the dwelling-house where I now inhabit, and to be laid in the same bed there, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging; and to be wrapped up in a strong double winding-sheet, and to be in all other respects interred as near as may be to the description we read in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial. The doors and windows to be locked and bolted, and to be kept as near in the same manner and state as they shall be in at the time of my decease. And I desire that the building or summer-house shall be planted around with evergreen plants, and fenced off with iron or oak palings, and painted of a dark blue color. And for the due performance of this in manner aforesaid, and for keeping the building ever the same, with the evergreen plants and the palings in proper and decent repair, I give to my nephew Thomas Freeman the manor of Whitton," etc. The wishes of the testator were duly carried into effect. When two or three generations, however, had passed away, and the tomb was well-nigh forgotten, an entry was effected by making a hole through the roof, and there the body of the old rector was found nearly dried up. Of course there is no entry of so very unclerical a burial in the parish register, for his successor in the parish could not have signed it if he would.

Some persons, as we have already said, seem determined to make merry after they are dead, or at least afford their survivors the means of doing so. One old man left a bequest to a City parish on condition that the church bells should ring a merry peal once a year; but there was a dark side to this picture, for the peal was to be rung on the anniversary of his wife's death, whereas a tolling was to mark the anniversary of his wedding day. An advocate of Padua in the sixteenth century directed that none of his relatives should shed tears at his funeral; singers and musicians should be engaged to supply the place of mourners; fifty of them were to walk with the priest before the coffin, each receiving half a ducat as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits were to carry the coffin to the church, singing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all the clergy of Padua, and all the monks except those who wore black hoods, were to be invited to follow—every man to receive an honorarium. A Frenchman who died about half a century ago had some time before left instructions concerning the mode in which his obsequies were to be observed. All the musicians of the town were to be invited to attend, and play dancing and hunting tunes during the procession; his house and the church were to be decorated in the liveliest way possible; and (but this must have been a very difficult point to settle) his property was to go to the relative who laughed the most joyously on the occasion.

Some men (in the old days) directed that they should be buried in the very substance of church walls; some that their hearts should be interred separately, or kept in an urn, or bequeathed to a church or a monastery. In a particular lease of a small estate, one family had a right of interment in the garden of a house occupied by another family, leading to a strange mixture of scenes witnessed from a drawing-room window.

RECREATION FOR CHILDREN.

THE study of the recreations of those who are in their early years brings up one of the most pressing questions of modern social life. There is so much diversity of opinion and of practice on this subject that no kind of system can be said to prevail in relation to it in any class of society except the poorest, in which necessity rather than choice enforces a gloomy and sad uniformity. If there be any rule at all, it is, perhaps, that parents and those who have charge of the young give to them those kinds of recreations which they themselves were taught to enjoy. There is much haphazard about the matter at the best; and there is much that is called recreation which has no reference to health, and which, therefore, is not recreative, although it pretends to be.

On the other hand, many recreations which may be healthful to the young become hurtful, owing to the times and modes of carrying them out, and from no other causes. The holding of children's parties at late hours in winter-time is one of the most dangerous examples of this kind, as it is one, also, of the most foolish of modern devices. The children's party is now often called for seven or even eight o'clock at night, and young children, for three or four hours after they ought to have been in bed and fast asleep, are kept up in the midst of a feverish excitement, which will not cool down for two or three succeeding days. In this excitement they are frequently fed with foods and drinks of the most indigestible character; and from the excitement, the dyspepsia which results, and the colds which are engendered from the exposure to cold air late at night, and when the strength is exhausted, there is set up, almost of necessity, temporary derangement of the body, and in some cases fatal disease.

There is a fact to be ever borne in mind in respect to exposure of the body during these inclement seasons, and that fact is this: at these seasons the body is undergoing a natural process of waste or consumption—a veritable loss of weight, which is a cause of exhaustion, and which is increased by every additional exposure. This waste is in progress during all the winter months, from November to April, and affects the whole of the community. Thus the danger increases as the winter months progress, and attains its maximum in the fatal months of early spring, when so many of the enfeebled of all ages pass away.

There is another and indirect danger connected with children's parties which must be incidentally noticed here, although it lies a little apart from the subject. It is of immense importance. In the cold seasons, when the body is at its lowest working power, the epidemic diseases are often most rife, and are always most dangerous. The diseases are also at these times communicated more easily from one person to another, the poison which produces them being brought into a company, not in the open space, but in the close room. Thus the winter children's party becomes not unfrequently the centre from which an epidemic takes fresh root, and is, in fact, a focus of spreading disease. There is much thoughtlessness on the part of grown-up people who have little people in their charge, in this particular. The writer knew an instance recently in which some young children who were recovering from scarlet fever, and who could not leave their rooms, were allowed, as a pastime, to make the dolls' clothes and the decorations for a Christmas tree, which dolls' clothes and decorations were to pass a few hours later into the hands of a large party of juveniles, to the certain infection of some, who in going there to play would be going possibly to death.

The next series of dangers in the recreations of the young is contracted by overcompetition and by the equality of effort enforced alike on children and youths of different build and constitution. Nothing can be more absurd, nothing, indeed, more cruel, than the inflictions which, in the name of recreations, are perpetrated in the manner named. Let us give one illustration.

At a swimming bath were some twenty boys, all under twelve years of age, swimming or learning to swim. There was no comparison between these lads in matter of physical outline. One, a short lad, had a narrow and pointed chest, a fragile form, an almost transparent skin, a chilly surface of body, and a blue lip; another, a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-chested youth, had a full and ruddy complexion, a warm surface, and a firm, muscular build. The others varied between these two standards. Such were the physical conditions of the swimmers, and so constructed physically they commenced their recreation. Swimming is a healthful recreation, when properly carried out, as well as useful and necessary. But here was the mischief from it in the case of the boys in question: there was no discrimination in the amount of the recreation. The boy with the pigeon chest and blue lip had quite as much of it as was safe for him at the end of five minutes; but to keep him up to the same standard as the swimmer with the broad chest, who had such buoyant lungs that he could hardly sink even if he tried, the boy was encouraged and almost driven to go on and keep on until he had passed through the same ordeal as his more favored comrade. The result was that the weak boy came out of the water blue all over, an hour later was as blue as a bilberry in the lips and cheeks, and was cold, shivering, feeble, and sleepy. Now it would require six hours, under the most favorable of circumstances in relation to food, rest, and warmth, to fully revitalize that feeble boy up to his own imperfect standard, while no number of hours would ever bring his vitality up to the standard of his more fortunate fellow-student.

Look now at the error—at the long series of errors—committed by this mode of recreation on the feeble boy. His animal warmth had been robbed unduly, and he was therefore languid and unhappy. His blood was aerated less freely than it should be, and he was therefore circulating blood more slowly than he ought, and breathing with excess of labor. He was more susceptible to every depressing influence, and his nervous system was dulled in the same manner as it would be from sitting in a close and badly ventilated room. He would be drowsy, and perhaps the master of his school would say idle or apathetic. For this he would be rated at his lessons, compared with other boys who got on better; and if not punished corporeally, made irritable and anxious in mind, which is another form of punishment. This nervous lad, never overstrong, would be again unduly taxed. And now, what else must follow as results? When the nervous system is low and depressed, the digestive power is enfeebled. When the digestive power is enfeebled, the nutrition of the body is degraded in every part. Then the vital organs, on which life depends, and in which the activity of nutritive changes ought to be most rapid and regular, are the first to suffer, while even such passive parts as those which make up the skeleton do not escape scot-free. See, then, what a modification of healthy life may be easily effected by one apparently trifling error of recreation. Let that error be repeated many times, or let some equivalent error be performed and repeated many times, and what is the almost necessary result? The almost necessary result is the institution in that feeble body, in active form, of the phenomena of disease toward which it had a proclivity, on which the feebleness depended.

It will possibly be urged by some that the process of making these feeble boys compete with stronger boys is intended to invigorate the feeble. For a similar reason these same naturally enfeebled children are often sent out of doors in cold weather "to *harden* them." The ignorance is beyond pardon. As you can not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles, so you can not out of a weak animal frame extract strength, except by taking it out of the bank of life, to the premature shortening of the inherited store of life.

The great breeders of flocks and herds do not try to harden or overtax the young lower animal they want to perfect. They use a wise discretion, and they succeed in what they do. At the same time they are often indiscriminate about their own children. A country surgeon, much esteemed for his quick insight, once brought to another physician for consultation a feeble boy with a consumptive tendency, in order to settle the question whether the mother's fostering or the father's hardening system should prevail. "The father," said the surgeon, "is a clever man; he is most successful in the management of cattle, and if he would be only half as clever in the rearing of his children, all would be well. But he is very hasty on this point, and the other day—a day bitterly cold—he did two of the most inconsistent things I ever knew a man to do. He quarrelled like a fury with his poor wife for sending Charlie to skate with his legs in warm stockings, and five minutes later dismissed his groom for taking a colt out for exercise without clothing it in a horse-cloth."

The instance adduced of the swimming is all that space will afford in illustration of excessive physical recreation. The example is one of fifty or more in which errors of a similar kind are perpetrated in the management of the young. Yet there is one more that must be mentioned, because of its great importance. It relates to the plan of forcing recreation on children by surprises, or by mere force or insistence, against their courage rather than against their will.

A child during some recreative exercise is told to do something he would do if he could, but which he dare not do. He is told to go into the water; he is told to jump over a fence or a wide gap; he is told to mount a horse, or to get on a bar at the gymnasium. The child hesitates, and then, too often, comes the risk of danger in direction. The child hesitates, and thereupon he is admonished, or he is bidden not to wait, or he is even made to do what he is bidden; or, worst of all, he is tricked into the act, under the impression that once he gets through the ordeal he will care for it no more, hesitate never again.

This is disastrous work beyond any measure of comparison. Little seeds of evil are sown in the mind by these proceedings, which grow into the most terrible consequences. Distrusts are engendered, and doubts as to the good faith of the nearest and dearest, and therefore of every one. So there is developed a distrustful mind, which is of all minds the most to be pitied for its own sake and for every body's sake that has to do with it.

And when we come to analysis of facts in relation to causes, we find, again, that the practice which leads to these sad distrusts is as foolish as it is hurtful. Courage is not a quality that can be infused into a child by threat and trick and force; it is a quality men and women are born with, and its centre is the heart, not the head. No one can make a person with a physically feeble heart courageous. We say of men or children who are strong and courageous, they are lion-hearted; we say of those who are opposite, they are chicken-hearted; and the terms express the facts. But as we can not by the most consummate skill transform a chicken into a lion, so we can not make a chicken-heart a lion-heart. We can encourage, set example, explain the freedom from danger, explain how to do the thing that looks dangerous without much exposure to risk; and so we can train even a faint heart to become morally, if not physically, brave. But to try to give physical courage to a body that is weak at its centre; to try to force courage out of such a body; to try to call forth what is not there; to make it an opprobrium to be weak-hearted; and, under the name of coward, to hound shamefully a poor, fluttering, gentle, loving, trustful nature, as is commonly done, is one of the wickedest pieces of ignorance with which we are conversant. It never makes a man brave, but it makes many assume bravery, and by the means of assumption generates a race of cowardly hypocrites who are the very curses of social life.

A CHAT ABOUT ANTS.

The ant family is generally distributed over the globe, and from this fact we may infer that they are generally necessary, and that there is a constant work for them to do in the order of the universe. In each colony we recognize males, females, neuters (workers or nurse ants), and sometimes soldiers—the name well expressing the duty which falls to them. The males are somewhat smaller, and differ in shape, and generally also in color, from the females, though both originally have wings; the neuters differ from both in shape and color, and the absence of wings, while the armed head of the soldier easily leads to its recognition.

To make the special occupation of each regiment clear, let us trace the colony from the egg. These are hatched, the complete insect has emerged from the cocoon, and reached the adult stage, some with wings—male and female; some without wings—immature females and neuters. The time of the year is June; under the influence of the warm midsummer sun all nature is active, and animal forms are engaged in the work of continuing their race, the ants also obeying this prevailing influence. The ant colony is the scene of much bustling activity; the males and females are rushing about outside, ascending pieces of stick, or blades of grass, or any elevation from which to launch themselves out on wings into the warm air; they sport together in the bright sunlight; anon they get tired of unceasing enjoyment, and turn their thoughts to more sedate employment; the males die off, and the females make ready for maternal duties. They seek the ground, and now that their wings are no longer useful, but, on the contrary, an incumbrance in view of their future life, they forcibly move them backward and forward and from side to side, and produce so many contortions, that the wings drop off close to the body. They now commence to provide themselves with a habitation for the deposition of the eggs, and should the female carry out her intention without restraint from others, she builds her nest, feeds the young, and so forms a new colony. The neuters, or workers, remain behind in the old colony, and their object is to catch one of the females as she settles on the ground after her aerial flight, and conduct her back to the old habitation, taking very good care that she does not again escape, but at the same time lavishing upon her every attention, for upon her all their hopes of the continuance of the race are centred. They find her nourishment; she commands obedience and respect as befitting her dignity, for she is the queen ant. Should death step in to frustrate their hopes, the workers for days and days lick and brush her continuously, apparently in the hope of reviving the little particle of cherished dust, or may be as a tribute of their instinctive love for the departed. But should all go well, the female produces as many as forty or fifty millions of eggs. These eggs fall to the care of the neuters, who place them in separate chambers, and keep them scrupulously clean; when hatched these same nurses provide the grubs with nourishment, rub them with their antennæ to clean them, carry them from the lower to the upper stories of the colony, so that they may be kept warm and in an equable temperature; and how they manage to convey the frail little soft creatures in their sharp jaws without harm or accident is a marvel. The child insect needs care and attention from the faithful workers until it is an adult, and reaching this stage, we find that some developmental law of their life has arrested the internal evolution of one section, leaving them immature, while the evolution of others has progressed to mature males and females with wings, which reproduce their kind, and so we complete the life circle of the colony. But we must yet say a few words more as to the occupation of the neuters. Should a rough foot injure the fabric of the nest, and jeopardize the life of the grubs, the workers at once remove the delicate little ones into a place of safety, and then set about the repair and restoration of the habitation, being guided in their operations by the soldier class when such forms a component of the colony. An observer accidentally cut in two one of these workers while engaged in the conveying of a cocoon, but the mutilated insect did not relax in its exertions, and with the half of the body to which the head was attached contrived, before giving in and dying, actually to carry in succession ten large cocoons into the interior of the nest.

In foraging for food the energy displayed by these insects is very great, and when they have found it—say, for example, a sugar basin—most housewives know that all their ingenuity will be taxed to keep out the depredators. Note, too, how in foraging the little creature branches off first to the right and then to the left, and the manner in which the forager will pass close to a piece of food, or even beyond it, until apparently it has got to the leeward of it. This seems to indicate that sight has but little to do in guiding them, and that smell is every thing. A gentleman who was fond of studying the ways of the little creatures often amused himself by throwing down pieces of biscuit of different sizes to the ants, to see what they would do. The result was as follows: As soon as discovered one or more of the foragers would mount upon the piece and survey it, evidently measuring it; then these disappeared, soon to re-appear with another kind with large cutting-shaped jaws, who set to work to divide the biscuit into pieces sufficiently small to be carried away to the nest, after which the laborers hoisted them up and marched off with them. See them also combining to remove a large body, for example a dead cockroach. It is quite a hundred times bigger than themselves, yet they take hold of it, lift it up, carry it away, and turn it endwise at the entrance to their habitation; harmony prevails, and it is clear that they are acting after a concerted plan.

Again, with reference to their likes and dislikes, affection and hatred, their feelings are keen and deep. Huber separated half a nest from the remainder for four months (equal to a fourth of their whole existence as perfect insects); at the end of this period he let the captives loose close to the original nest; the long-parted ones immediately recognized each other, saluted each other with their antennæ, and united once more to form one family with every token of affection. On the other hand, the rivalry between contiguous colonies, whether they happen to be of the same or a different kind, leads to sanguinary wars, which are conducted with the greatest care, fury, and determination, and result in great slaughter. Rivalry, however, is not the sole cause of battles, for certain kinds of ants can neither prepare habitations nor procure food for their young, nor yet feed them; if left to themselves, the race would soon die out, and hence the origin of raids on neighboring ant-hills for the procuring of nurses for their families. In making the attack scouts are thrown out, which discover the way, and conduct the main body; they approach the doomed city with a rush, breaches are made in the walls, and the enemy enters, soon to emerge again, the majority carrying a young pupa or cocoon with them, and these, when they grow up, act as nurses for the eggs and young of their captors. The young captive not having known any other habitation, quietly settles down in its new home, while an adult slave would rebel and return to the old colony if not constantly watched; hence the advantage of their choice of captives.

Pages might be written illustrative of the ingenuity of these creatures in their operations, in their raids, in their crossing of streams, in their contrivances to overcome obstacles, and of their housewifely care against depredations of the larder, but space forbids. Most of us have tried the plan of interrupting the passage of ants to and fro by drawing a stick or finger across the beaten track, and so obliterating it for a short distance; the oncomers stop short, they at once detect the change, and make short expeditions right and left, diverging from each other more and more, until the other end of the old route is found; this done, the line of communication is re-established, and the fact communicated to the rest.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Broad-brimmed hats and white umbrellas in Broadway; excursion boats, with gay banners and lively music, on river and Sound; Saturday music in Central Park; the lemonade boy and the vender of penny ice-creams, who supplant the apple woman and the peanut dealer at street corners; the shrouded parlor and the frequented door-step; the perspiring crowd hovering around soda founts; the afternoon rush to the bathing beach—these and scores of other little but unmistakable signs indicate that the hot season is fully inaugurated, and that one chief business of city life will be how to bridge over the coming two or three months in safety and comfort. But this is a branch of business which, to a great extent, each one must manage for himself, keeping his eyes open to health-giving opportunities, and availing himself of hints from the experience of others.

One of the most successful merchants of this city, the late Mr. William Sloane, bequeathed $33,500 to his employés, in sums varying according to the time they had been with him, in acknowledgment of their efficient help, which had materially contributed to his success.

After a sultry and oppressive day, Sunday before last, a violent storm of wind and rain swept over this city and vicinity. Street lamps and window-glass were broken, signs and roofs blown off, and many trees torn up by the roots. Two large and beautiful trees—a poplar and a willow—which for years have stood at the entrance to Rutgers Female College, on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-first Street, were uprooted. One was thrown into the street; the other, which was torn and burned by the lightning, was stretched across the sidewalk.

Coney Island proved its success last year. Now the great point is to provide abundant facilities for transporting visitors thither quickly and, above all, safely. There are several railway lines conveying passengers to different localities on the beach, and excursion steamers which will make frequent trips. The supply of hotels and boarding-houses is also increased, and every day swells the crowd bound to the island for a breath of invigorating sea-breeze.

Two large theatres are about to be built in Italy—one in Rome, on the site of the Villa Colonna; the other, in Florence, will be known as the Teatro Nazionale, and is to be of unusual size.

The scarcity of Connecticut salmon this season will tend to make them more abundant in the future—a result of the recently passed restrictive law.

Henry Ward Beecher mentions in the *Christian Union*, among other suggestions about "How to Keep Well," one important condition not generally put down in the medical books, namely, "*Refuse to be unhappy.*"

A lady who has recently returned from Paris re-assures those of her friends who hesitate to cut up costly fabrics into short walking suits. She says that in Paris only dinner costumes and ball dresses are made long. House dresses, carriage dresses, promenade dresses, are all made of one length. A Parisian lady does not pretend to be seen on the street holding up her skirts.

"What must people do in order to go to heaven?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her youthful class the other day.

"Die, I suppose," was the prompt reply of a little mite; and the teacher questioned her no further.

London welcomes the long-ago singers as well as those who are in their first flush of success. Jenny Lind sang in the chorus at the first concert given during the past season by the Bach Society of London; and Gerster, at her recent appearance before an immense London audience, was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

Very convenient, that arrangement of connecting the Crawford House, the Profile House, and Fabyan's by telephone. Visitors to the White Mountains want all improvements.

On the occasion of his golden wedding the Emperor of Germany issued more than six hundred pardons to political prisoners, a majority being persons imprisoned for offenses against himself.

It is not every husband who, even when caught in a trap, will frankly confess an error. But there is a certain matron in Rome, New York, who, if report is true, possesses such a lord. She has a talent for wax-works. Her husband boasted that he could invariably tell at a glance that her work was artificial. She remembered his partiality for a "boiled dinner," and determined to make one in wax. The vegetables and meat were made and set before him at dinner, and with keen relish he struck out for the platter before him. Lo! 'twas a false dinner. He frankly acknowledged that he was duped, and with admirable docility handed his pocket-book to his wife.

Apropos of Mr. Carey's recent illustration in *Harper's Weekly* of an old Indian squaw left to perish on the plains, a correspondent writes from Kansas to say that he has met with two such incidents of savage cruelty in the far West. He was riding along at one time with a party of four others through the Indian country, when a queer-looking object, lying in a heap on the ground near the trail, attracted his attention.

"What is that?" asked one.

"A bundle of old rags, I guess," said another.

They all dismounted, and cautiously approached the object. As they drew nearer they saw that the mysterious thing, whatever it was, was covered with an old blanket. Taking hold of one corner of this, they were just about to pull it off, when out from beneath it leaped an old Indian, with a horrid grunt that caused them to relax their hold.

"Great guns!" exclaimed one, "we have a live red-skin here."

The old fellow crouched at their feet, and begged like a dog to be let alone. "Me poor sick Injun," he said. "Me no more good; they throw me away. You go on; let poor old Injun die here in peace."

Our correspondent notified some soldiers who were near by, and they carried the old fellow to Camp Robinson, Nebraska, where he died soon afterward. Two weeks afterward an old squaw was also found lying beside the carcass of her pony, which she had slain and used for food since she became a castaway.

In commenting upon Edward Hanlan's recent brilliant victory in the sculling contest on the river Tyne, the New York *Times* remarks:

> "The science of rowing, as shown by Mr. Hanlan, consists in his skilled use of the long sliding seat, the studied, peculiar stroke imparted to his sculls, and the lack of awkwardness displayed in the boat. No one who has ever watched him when sculling at full speed can have failed to observe the way in which his oars literally smite the water at the beginning of each stroke. Under his style of sculling, arms and body work together from the beginning. It must be accepted as the fundamental principle of rowing, as it is of all propulsion, that as little as possible of the energy employed to produce propulsion shall be wasted, more especially where great velocity is among the results to be attained. It is the observance of this rule, and his increased intensity of propulsion, which give Hanlan's shell such speed, and it is this very style that our friends over the water will have to determine for themselves on scientific principles."

Now, after long years have passed, and malicious gossip has died out, it comes to light that all the domestic difficulties between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens arose because the wife did not appreciate her husband's writings, and criticised them to his face, and Dickens did not understand how to bear this treatment in his own family. "Only this, and nothing more." And yet how many cruel words, and more cruel suspicions, have been circulated!

At the head of the imperial Russian colleges for girls is Prince Peter of Oldenburg, who is very faithful to his charge. A while ago there were many complaints of the poor food furnished at the Smoling Convent, where 800 girls are educated. Prince Peter resolved to know the true state of things for himself. So he went to the convent just before the usual dinner hour, avoided the main entrance, and went to the kitchen. At the door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming caldron.

"Halt!" he called out. "Put that kettle down."

The soldiers of course obeyed.

"Bring me a spoon," added the prince.

The spoon was at once produced; but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the prince. "Take off the lid; I insist on tasting it."

No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful.

"You call this soup!" he exclaimed. "Why, it is dirty water."

"It is, your Highness," replied the soldier. "We have just been cleaning out the laundry."

The "tramp law" in Connecticut makes the tramps tramp out of the State in double-quick time. They don't linger where they are threatened with honest work.

Commissioners of rapid transit have decided upon important additions to the existing lines in the city, and have planned one entirely new road. The Manhattan Company will probably connect its roads by a cross-town line through Fifty-ninth Street.

Forty-two mourning coaches and more than four hundred private carriages followed the late Baron Rothschild to his grave.

Ten dollars is a pretty good price to pay for a flower; but that seems to be the legal value of those blossoms which grow in Union Square. One Patrick M'Dermott was recently arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court on charge of plucking a full-flowered geranium near the fountain in Union Square. The judge asked why he wanted to despoil a public park. He replied that he intended planting it. "Well," said the justice, "you will have to pay ten dollars for the flower or take ten days on the island." Patrick went back to the prison pen muttering at the high price the judge put on a little flower.

A humane writer recommends fishermen to kill fish as soon as they are taken out of the water by giving them a smart rap on the head. This for humanity's sake. But fish quickly killed are far superior in flavor to those which are left to slowly gasp away their lives.

Officers and owners of excursion steamers have a heavy responsibility in the vast number of lives committed to their care. There should be no reckless management nor needless risks. Yet it will be most fortunate if amid all the excursion trips of the present season there is no dire calamity. Precaution is wiser and better than vain regret.

It was discovered in the post-mortem examination of the body of Parr, the Philadelphia murderer, that an old fracture of the skull had healed imperfectly, leaving an osseous projection which pressed upon the brain. Psychologists will regard this as a fact which will help explain the brutality and semi-insanity of the man.

Can any body pronounce the names of the members of the Siamese embassy who are now on their way to England? We do not attempt to do so, but give our readers the opportunity to try. Phya Bashakaravangse, Pra Nai Saraphet, and Chum Hn are the names.

Where is Mr. Bergh? He is needed, if the following statement from an exchange is true: "In one of the densely populated parts of this city, upon the west side, on the second floor of a substantial structure used for slaughtering cattle, were confined a day or two ago twenty calves which were slowly dying from wounds in the throat. This cruelty is practiced for the purpose of insuring white meat, which finds the quickest sale at the best price." In such a case as that referred to, the interests of humanity would be served by definitely mentioning the exact locality where such cruelty is practiced.

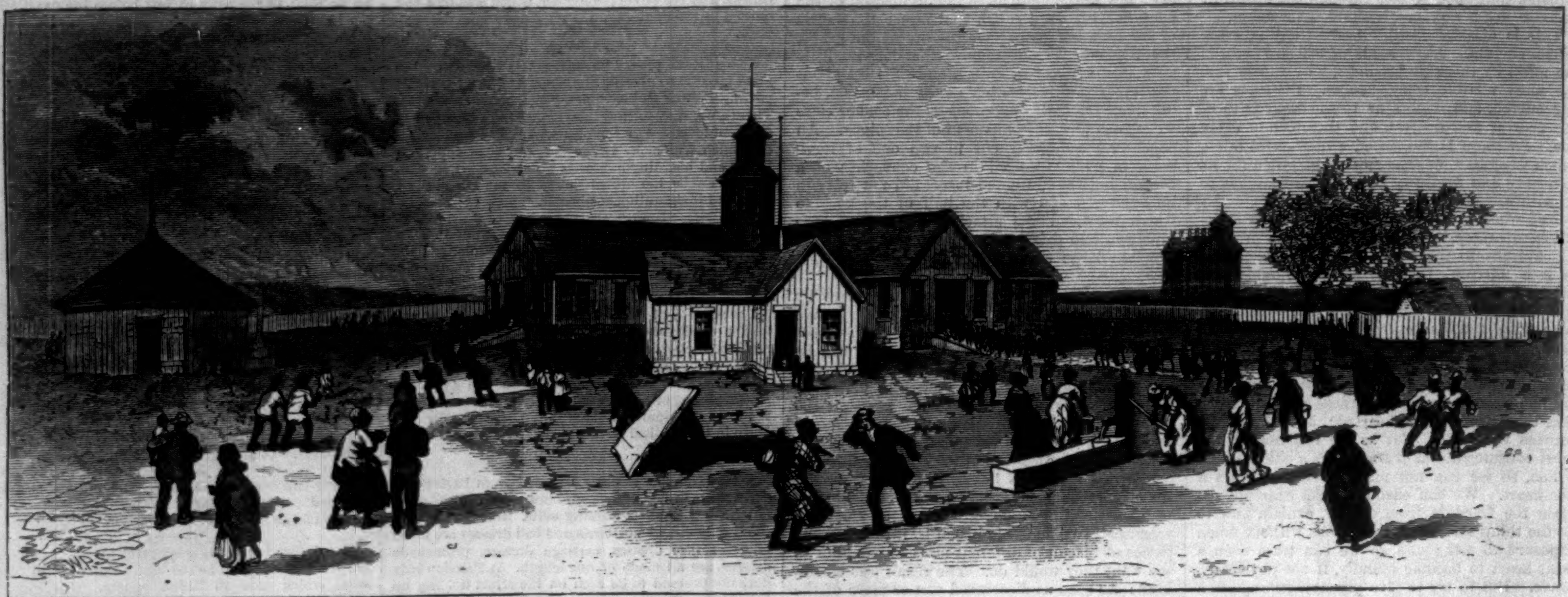
Dog-days have come, not according to the almanac, but according to the city ordinance and Mayor Cooper's proclamation. Stray and unmuzzled dogs must now keep out of the way of "catchers."

The Health Board needs fifty physicians to visit tenement-houses, more inspectors of fruit, and an extra appropriation for a few weeks during the summer.

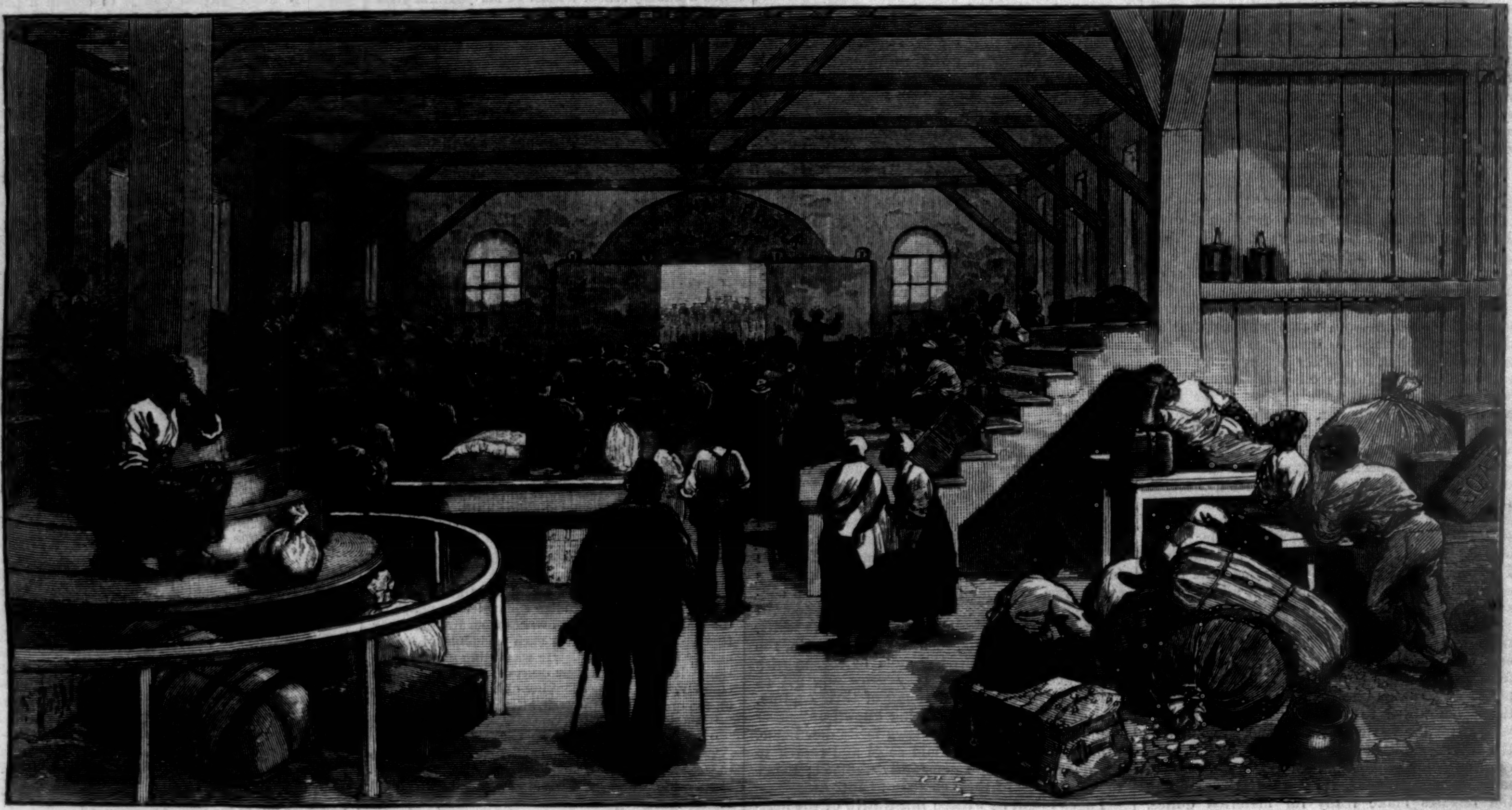
A quarter of a century ago Mountain Meadows—notorious as the spot where 131 innocent men, women, and children were murdered by the Mormons—was known far and wide as a "paradise in the desert," with abundance of grass, brooks, and crystal springs. A lady who has lately visited that locality says that the grass is gone, the water-courses dried up, and nothing but a dreary waste marks the once beautiful spot. A rude monument, with the inscription, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," is the impressive memorial of the dead. Settlers in the vicinity regard the place with superstitious terror, and say that it is haunted, and that the winds bring to their ears piercing cries for help, which echo back to the mountains and over the plains.

It is stated upon good authority that in 1870, when there was a strike of three months' duration among the operatives of Fall River, the loss to them was not less than $250,000. And then they resumed work at the reduced rates.

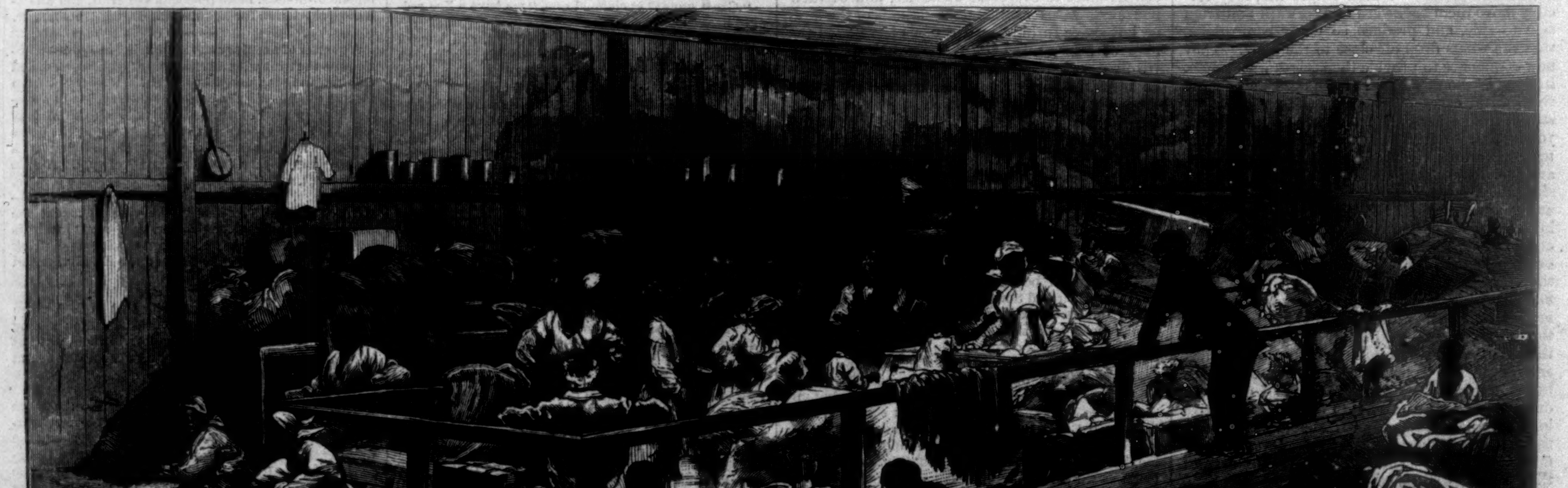
Chromos, we judge, have had their day: a more original device for providing support to a new journal has sprung from the brain of Herr Miarka, the proprietor and editor of *Der Katholik*—a new religious serial in Upper Silesia. He announces in the thirteenth number that he has just returned from Rome, and has brought with him a quantity of earth from the graves of the holy martyrs, and several packets of seeds and cuttings of plants from the garden of the Vatican. He engages that every person who subscribes to his periodical for a year shall receive a small portion of this sacred relic earth. Persons who subscribe for a number of copies, or who procure subscribers, will be able to obtain a larger share of Herr Miarka's precious imports—seeds from plants which were touched by the late Pius IX., and earth out of the Catacombs. Herr Miarka is also the editor and publisher of a religious almanac, and he promises to give to every person who purchases the calendar for 1879 some of the most sacred of all earth, that which St. Helena brought from Golgotha to Rome. It is reported also that Leo XIII. has promised his special blessing to those who subscribe to Herr Miarka's periodical.



TERMINAL STATION OF THE COLORED EXODUS—FLORAL HALL AND SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NOW IN USE AS BARRACKS—FAIR GROUNDS.



RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THE NORTH WING OF FLORAL HALL.

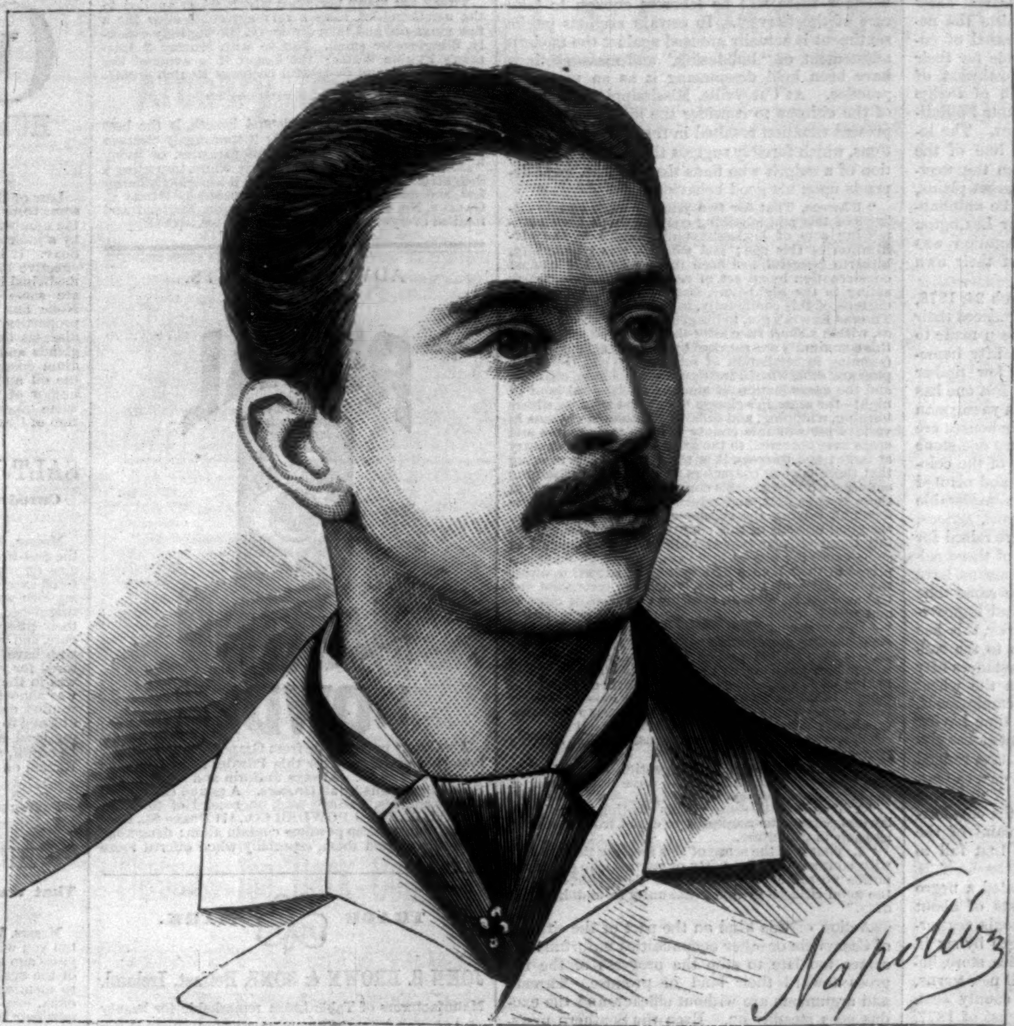


GROUP IN THE SOUTH WING OF FLORAL HALL.

THE COLORED EXODUS—SCENES AT TOPEKA, KANSAS.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. WORRALL.—[SEE PAGE 533.]

SLAIN BY ZULUS.

ONLY a few months ago, on the departure of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON for the seat of war in Zululand, we gave the portrait of him which is here repeated on the report of his tragic death at the hands of the savage warriors of CETYWAYO. He was out with a reconnoitring party in a wild country literally filled with Zulus. Dismounting to refresh themselves, the party laid down their arms, when several Zulus, who had been watching their movements, rushed upon them, and killed the Prince and two private soldiers. His body was afterward recovered. It was lying in a field of high grass. There were no bullet wounds upon it, but it bore the marks of seventeen assegai thrusts. Thus ends the career of one who was born heir to the imperial throne of France.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE OVATION TO THE FLAGS.

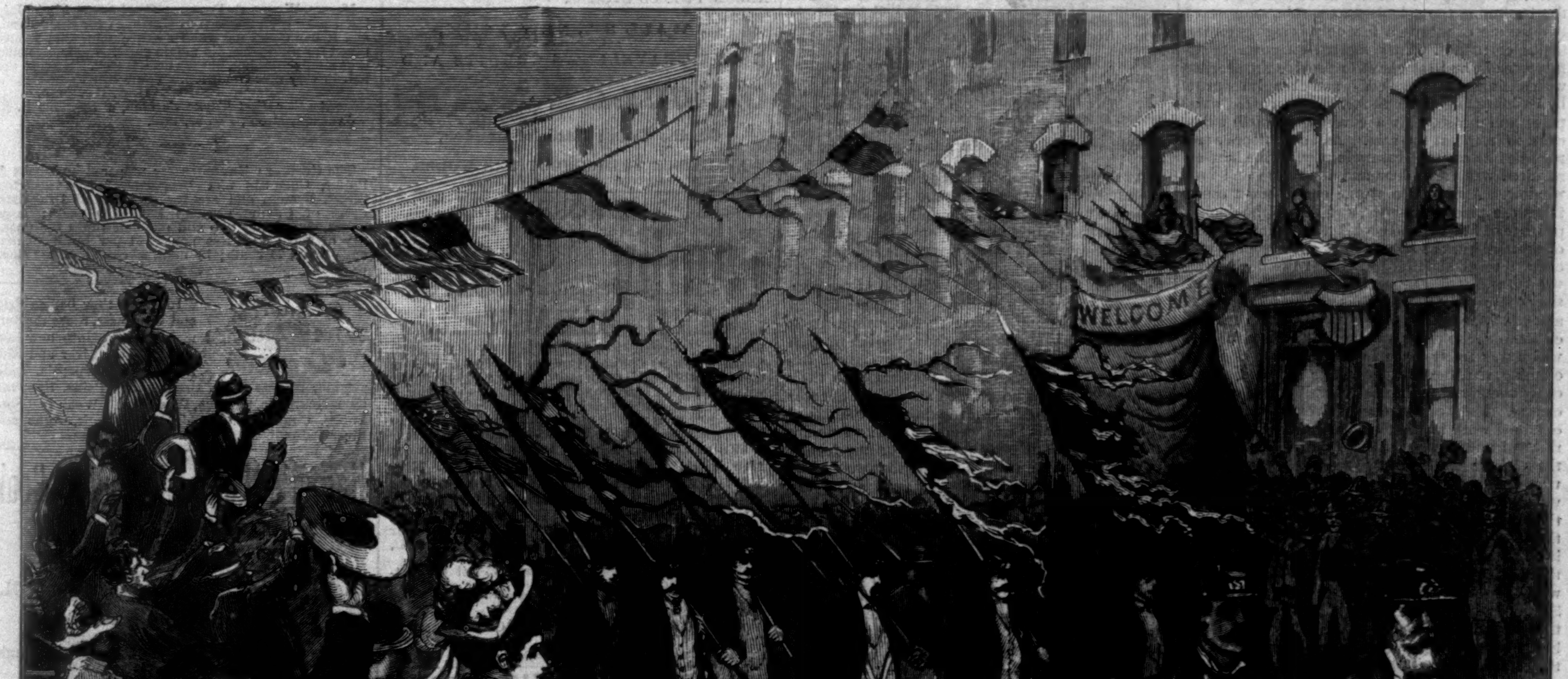
THE Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Albany, New York, commencing June 17, was the largest ever held since its organization. Nearly all the Northern States were represented. The streets were thronged with spectators, many of whom came from afar to witness the reunion. The hotels were all full, and the boarding-houses were crowded to their utmost capacity. The stores were nearly all closed, and the people every where gave themselves up to welcoming their soldier guests. The houses were gayly decked with bunting, not only along the line of the march, but all over the city. The weather was simply perfect, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. The line of march was through State, Eagle, Lancaster, Dove, and Knox streets, and thence through Washington, Lexington, and Clinton avenues to North Pearl Street. Governor ROBINSON reviewed the procession from a platform on the north side of State Street, above Pearl. A feature of it which called forth many words of praise was a red, white, and blue battalion formed by the Old Guard, of New York city, dressed in white coats, the Burgesses' Corps, of Albany, dressed in red, and the Utica Citizens' Corps, who wore blue. At Tweddle Hall the Encampment was welcomed by Mayor NOLAN on behalf of the city, and by Mr. KNOWLES, of the Legislature, on behalf of the State.

A noticeable feature of the parade was the enthusiasm which greeted the sight of the tattered battle flags borne in the line. Whenever one of these appeared the multitudes shouted, tossed their hats into the air, waved their handkerchiefs, and indulged in many other demonstrations of patriotic delight. One of these scenes is sketched by our artist on this page. It represents the Philadelphia veterans bearing with them the battle flags and colors of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, 23d, 26th, 29th, 61st, 69th, 72d, 82d, 99th, 109th, 118th, and 119th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, each borne by a member of the regiment to which the colors belonged. These were hailed with cheer upon cheer by the men, while bouquets were thrown by the ladies. Altogether the day was a memorable one in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE COLORED EXODUS.

OUR readers will remember that in the *Weekly* of May 17 we published a striking illustration relating to the movement of the negroes of the Southern States toward Kansas, and showing their principal point of embarkation at Vicksburg. In most cases the objective point of the poor fugitives is Topeka, on the Kansas River, and on page 532 of this issue will be found a series of sketches showing the arrangements that have recently been made at that place for their reception. All the negroes who are not previously assigned to specified localities, when landed at the Kansas ports on the Missouri River are forwarded to Topeka, where the Central Committee has its headquarters. Certain buildings in the Fair Grounds have been secured for the negroes, and transformed into barracks, where lodging and food are provided until some disposition can be made of them. They come and go constantly, so that the committee rarely have more than two or three hundred, out of the thousands that pass through the city, to care for. The able-bodied are quickly disposed of, the main source of difficulty being the sick and helpless that persist in attaching themselves to the emigrant bands.

Past experience shows that the emigration of Southern negroes toward the West has not resulted unfavorably. Whatever cause for alarm there may be in the vast proportions assumed by the present exodus, there can be no doubt that small bands have profited by their removal from the scene of their



THE OVATION TO THE FLAGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. TAYLOR.

late bondage. One or two instances will show that as Western pioneers and colonists the negroes have proved themselves possessed of energy, endurance, and ability to provide for their own maintenance. Thirty miles northwest of Kinsley, and twenty-five miles north of Dodge City, on the Atcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, is a flourishing negro settlement. The location is 280 miles from the east line of the State of Kansas, and 120 miles from the western border. It is far out upon the great plains, which until lately were supposed to be uninhabitable. This colony was formed near Lexington and Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Its location was selected in 1877, by a committee of their own number sent out for the purpose.

The colony arrived at Kinsley March 24, 1878, 107 in number, and immediately commenced their settlement. Additions have since been made to the number of about fifty. About fifty homesteads have been taken, besides a few timber claims, and all have been improved. But one has been abandoned—that in the case of a young man who left and came to Topeka. Their houses are chiefly of sod and dug-outs. There are one stone house and two frame houses. Some of the colonists have teams, and such ploughed and planted last spring, raising a little corn and considerable of garden vegetables—potatoes, beans, onions, melons, etc. Sorghum and millet were raised for feed for stock. A large proportion of these colonists, as they came with little or no means, have had to earn their own living at the same time that they were making their homestead improvements. Being clear out on the frontier, this has been difficult. They have had to go to the railroad towns, or near them—in some instances fifty miles or more away—for work. In the wheat harvest they found the best time for employment. But work has been scarce, as much time having been spent in searching for employment as was given to labor when obtained. Wages have ranged from seventy-five cents to $1 50 per day, the latter price being paid only in harvest. The people have, however, been healthy, two deaths only having occurred. They make no complaint of the climate, enduring all the hardships that fall to their share bravely.

In Graham County, Kansas, is located a negro colony called Nicodemus. It consists of about 125 families, comprising about 700 souls, scattered over an area twelve miles in length by six in breadth. Nicodemus has its post-office, store, hotel, land-office, etc., and, like nearly all new towns, aspires to the possession of the county seat. The colony had its first start in August of 1877, a few families locating at that time. In October and November of the same year large accessions were made by the arrival of new immigrants, who, with the usual want of forethought of the race, pushed out to the then extreme frontier at the commencement of winter, in almost utter lack of the means to shelter, feed, or clothe themselves during the winter. With the opening of the spring of 1878 more came. They were mainly from the farming regions of Kentucky and Tennessee. In the beginning the colonists, as a rule, were nearly destitute of means, a few only bringing either teams or money. They located on government homesteads, and set about to provide themselves with shelter, which was easily and cheaply secured by building dug-outs and sod houses, roofed with poles and brush, with a covering of earth sufficient to keep out the rain. As board floors were regarded as an unnecessary luxury, all the lumber required was for a door and its frame and one window. A fire-place at one end in most cases takes the place of a stove, and serves the double purpose of heating and cooking. Coming as most of them did in the autumn, but one resource was open to them in order to support life during the winter, and that was an appeal to the charity of the people of the State. This was resorted to, and agents of the colony, duly authenticated, canvassed the older-settled portions of the State for aid, which was freely given in provisions, seed grain, clothing, etc., the Kansas Pacific Railroad generously transporting all such contributions without charge. Many of the men and women sought and obtained work in the towns along the line of the railroad and in the settled counties east, and by their labor aided to carry the colony through the winter. With the spring of 1878 every effort was made to put all the ground possible under cultivation; but the great practical difficulty was that they had but few teams, and these not in good serviceable condition, for want of proper feed during the winter. But every body went to work. Those who had teams broke for themselves and others. Some were able to get a little breaking done for them by outside parties. Those who could do no better went to work digging up the ground with the spade and grub-hoe, determined to make a crop in some way; and some families (the women helping) got two or three acres in crop by this slow and laborious process. At the present time the land under cultivation will average about six or seven acres to every family. The solicitation for aid has continued all along to some extent, but recently a public meeting was called, and after full consideration of the subject it was decided to discontinue the colony organization. A series of resolutions was passed thanking the people of the State for the aid that had been so freely given, and stating that henceforth no further aid would be solicited, as it was believed that from that time the colony, with proper effort and industry, could be self-supporting.

One of the most important features of the movement of the negroes toward Kansas, and the proofs given that they have found a suitable asylum for their wretchedness in that hospitable State, is the effect had upon the agricultural interests of the South. A thorough feeling of alarm has taken possession of the white population. In many cases, it is said, the planters have declined to make arrangements for raising crops during the ensuing season on account of the uncertainties that attend the situation, and the doubts whether there will be laborers enough to take care of the harvest. In certain sections public sentiment is actually aroused against the modern amusement of "bulldozing," and mass-meetings have been held denouncing it as an unworthy practice. At Caseyville, Mississippi, a gathering of the citizens to consider the difficulties of the present situation resulted in the following resolutions, which forcibly suggest the sudden reformation of a culprit who finds that his next meal depends upon his good behavior:

> "*Whereas*, That for two years or more certain citizens of this and adjoining counties have been committing acts of lawlessness disgraceful to the civilization of this age; and *whereas*, this community, hitherto peaceful, has been thrown into the utmost consternation by an act of certain lawless characters acting in the night-time, and unknown to the good citizens of this community, to wit, the burning of Mr. Thomas Erwin's gin, to his great damage; and *whereas*, within a short time after the committal of said act, this community was shocked by a grosser act of violence (seeming in retaliation of said act), to wit, the whipping and otherwise ill treating certain colored citizens, and the assassination of another at the dead hour of night—the assassin's chosen hour; and *whereas*, divers burning, whipping, and ordering of colored citizens in various parts of this county to leave their homes and crops have occurred, to the great injury of the country at large; and *whereas*, it is the sense of this meeting that those lawless characters are citizens of adjoining counties who invade this county at night, and commit these lawless acts, and return to their homes before daylight, leaving the stigma of their acts to rest on the good citizens of this county; and *whereas*, we admit those citizens (styled bulldozers) may have had some cause for acts hitherto committed, by being deprived of their homes by a system of extortion under the lien laws of this State, which are erroneous and bad as class legislation, favoring one class of citizens and utterly ruining another greatly in the majority, yet this is no justification for acts of punishing and assassinating unoffending colored citizens; and *whereas*, we have waited patiently for the courts to bring to condign punishment those lawless characters, and having been sadly deceived by seeing them, instead of being visited by swift justice, turned loose on straw bonds or no bonds at all, at great expense to the county, already nearly bankrupt; therefore, be it
>
> "*Resolved*, 1. That it is the sense of this meeting that such acts must be stopped.
>
> "2. That we look with indignation on all lawless acts by any and all citizens who have not the fear of the law before their eyes.
>
> "3. That it is the sense of this meeting that all such lawless persons be requested to desist from such lawless acts in the future.
>
> "4. That it is the sense of this meeting that we look with contempt on the party or parties who wrote the notice posted at this place, near Caseyville, warning the good citizens of this community from doing their duty."

Action of this kind on the part of the citizens of Caseyville or other communities unfortunately comes too late to stop the progress of the negroes toward their land of promise. Threats and arguments are without efficacy, and the exodus goes steadily on. Even the Southern newspapers, which have been doing their best to induce people to believe that the tide of emigration is stayed, have finally concluded to abandon their policy of profitless mendacity. The New Orleans *Times* says:

> "Our newspapers all through the lower valley, our Washington, St. Louis, and Kansas correspondents, for a month past have been repeating that the exodus has ceased; that the negroes are miserable in Kansas, and are coming home; that every body now admits the movement was induced by land speculators, and such twaddle and nonsense. The truth is that the threatened departure of the great body of the colored laborers from several portions of the State is still impending. The truth is that there were more who left this city last week than have returned to the entire South from Kansas. Why in the world can we not be honest and truthful to ourselves about this matter? Why not recognize the evil, acknowledge its causes, appreciate its seriousness, understand the necessity of averting and checking the movement which threatens to impoverish the fairest portions of the State?"

At the same time, while the Southern planters are uttering their wail, and the Southern newspapers alternately denying and acknowledging the fact that their industrial population is rapidly passing away from them, Kansas is holding out her hospitable arms, and making the best arrangements she can for the reception of the poor fugitives who launch themselves upon her in such overwhelming numbers. A certain amount of alarm is naturally felt at the approach of such a vast horde of suffering and impoverished human beings; but as yet the opposition to their coming has taken no decided shape, and Senator Ingalls undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of the people of his State when he said: "I do not think there is any class prejudice or any feeling of hostility to the colored people that would prevent their being cordially welcomed as an element of our population. We have an area of about 81,000 square miles, comprising 55,000,000 of acres of arable land, not more than one-tenth of which has been reduced to cultivation. The remainder is open to settlement under the Homestead Act, requiring five years' residence before title can be secured, and I am inclined to think we could absorb 100,000 of these people without serious injury or inconvenience."

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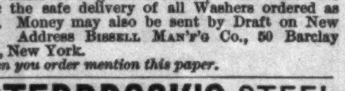

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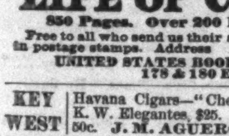

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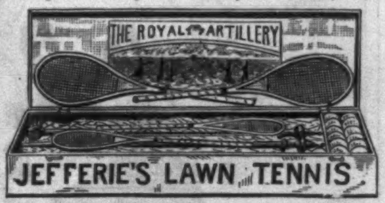

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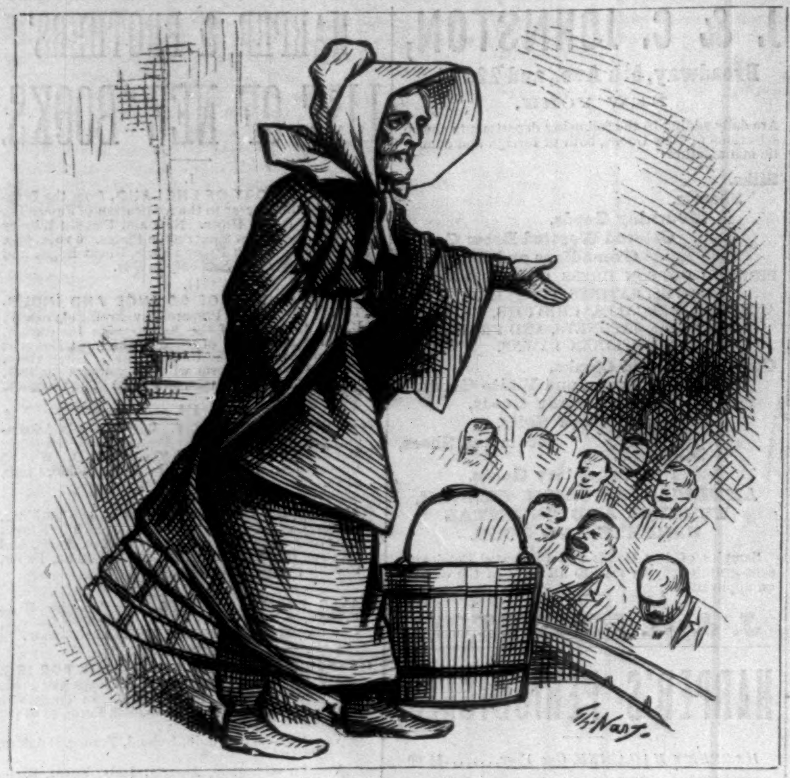

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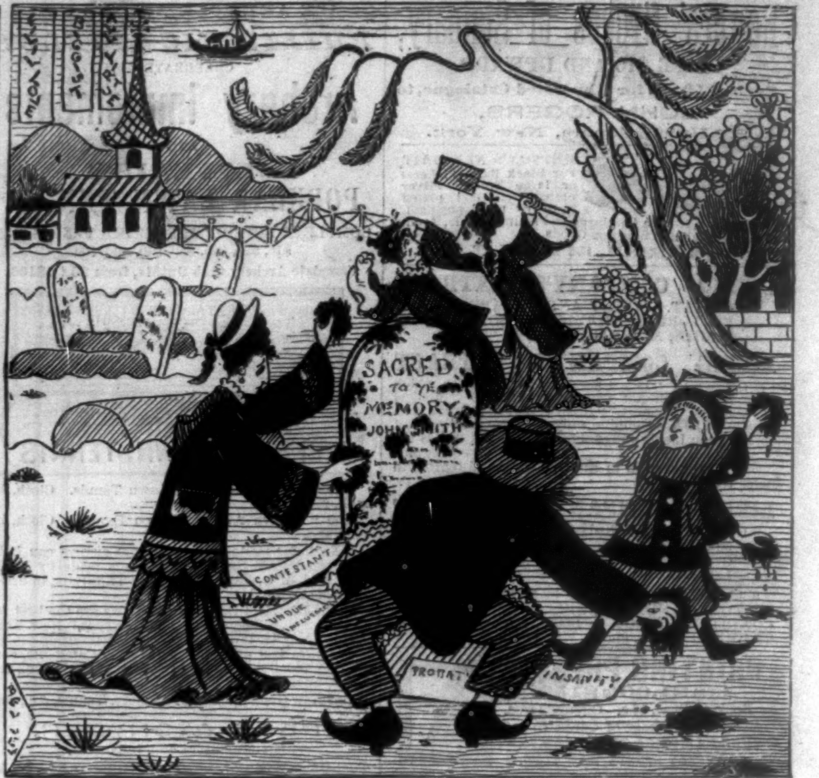

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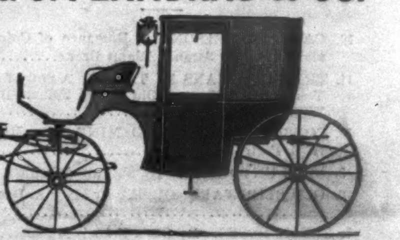

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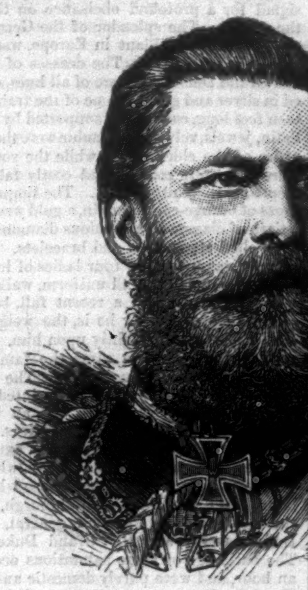

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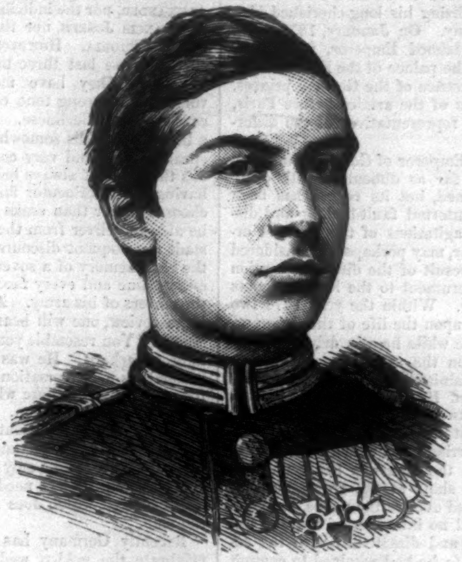

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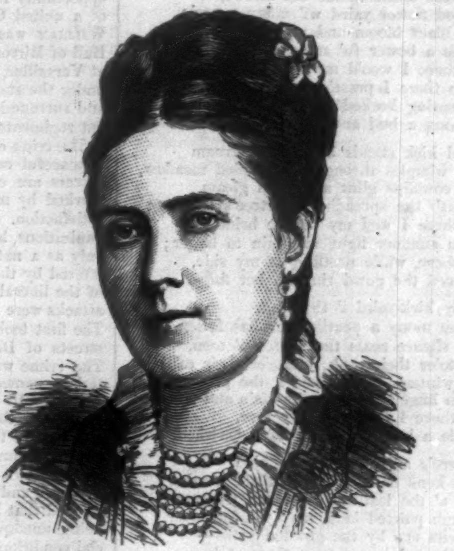

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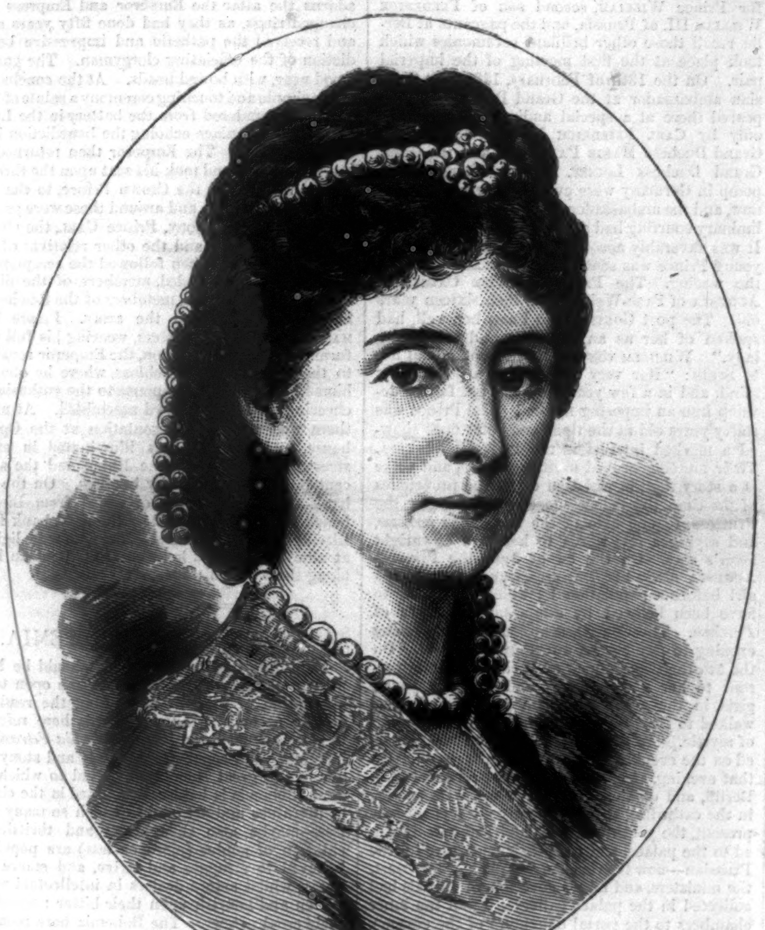

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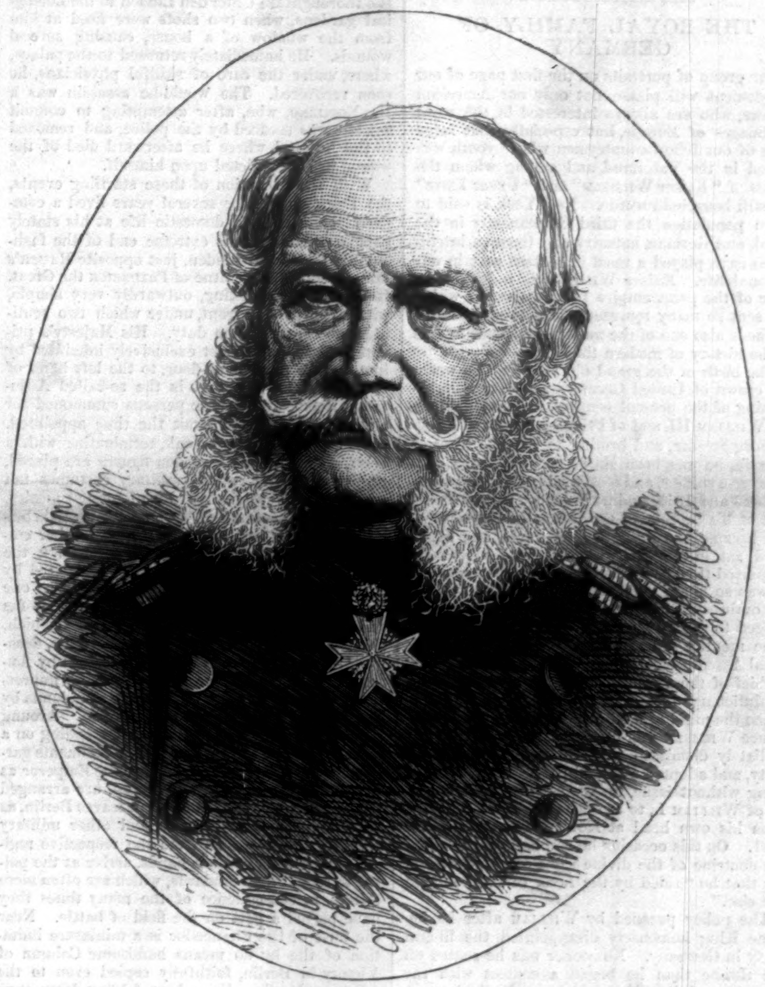

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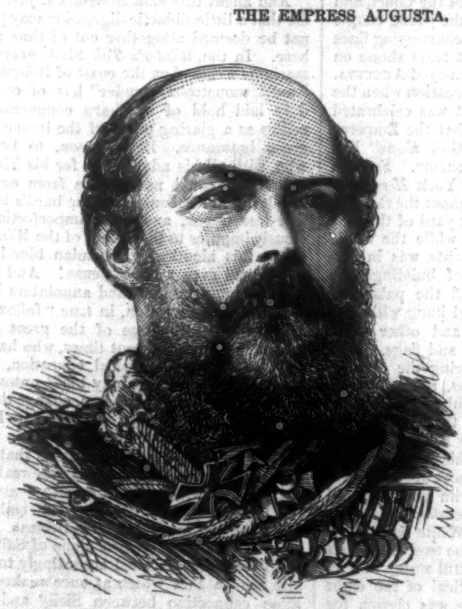

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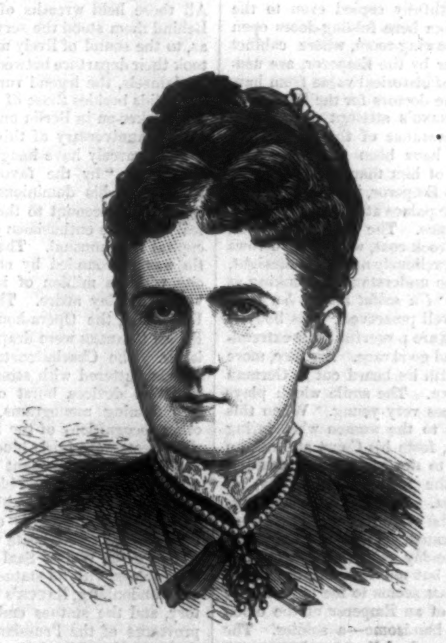

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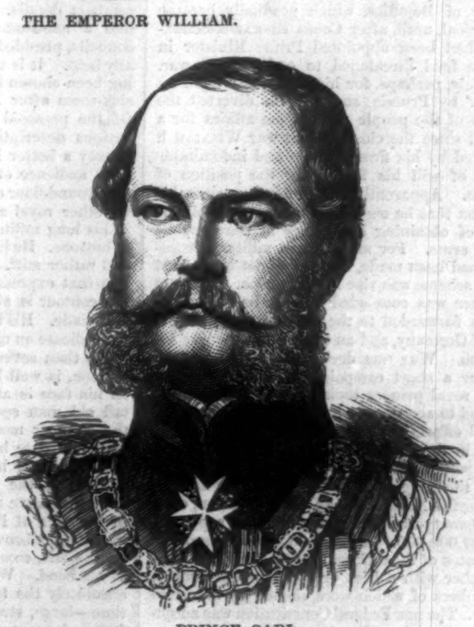

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THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GERMANY.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

THE AFTERTIME.

A WEE cot house abune the knowe,
A snod flower yaird wi' mony a posie,
Where lilacs bloom and myrtles grow
Beside a bower fu' snug and cozy;
'Twas there I woo'd my winsome May;
'Twas there I press'd her to my bosom,
When spring keeked oot frae bank and brae
In mony a bud and mony a blossom.

An auld kirk stands beside the stream
That wimples through the daisied meadow,
Where cowslips glint and lilies gleam
Beneath the spreading bourtree's shadow;
'Twas there I wed my bonnie bride,
When summer light was fain to linger;
'Twas there, while nestling at my side,
I placed the gowd ring on her finger.

A lonely kirk-yaird i' the glen,
Where mony a pearlie tear has fallen,
Where silence seals the strifes o' men,
Whate'er their rank, whate'er their callin'.
When winter's blast piped i' the grove,
When lingering blooms had fa'n and perished,
'Twas there I laid my early love,
Beside a babe we baith had cherished.

But there's a lan' ayont the blue
That kens naught o' our kittle weather,
Where a' the leal and guid and true,
Though pairted lang, may yet forgather.
There sits she by the gowden gates—
For there I hae a tryst to meet her;
But love that strengthens while it waits
Maks a' the aftertime the sweeter.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GERMANY.

THE group of portraits on the first page of our Supplement will please not only our American readers, who are always interested in the royal personages of Europe, but especially that large class of our fellow-countrymen whose youth was passed in the Vaterland, and among whom the names of "Kaiser WILHELM" and "Unser FRITZ" are still household words. New York is said to be in population the third German city in the world, and German industry and German intelligence have played a most important part in our national life. Kaiser WILHELM is not only the ruler of the great empire beyond the sea which has sent so many representatives to our shores, but he is also one of the most conspicuous figures in the history of modern times.

The birth of the grand old veteran who wears the crown of United Germany antedates the beginning of the present century. Son of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. and of Princess LOUISE of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and brother to the late King of Prussia, he was born March 22, 1797, was educated as a soldier, and took part in the campaigns of 1813 and 1815 against France. On the accession of his brother to the throne in 1840, WILLIAM became Governor of Pomerania, and afterward sat in the Prussian Diet, and vigorously supported the absolutist party. In consequence, he was so much disliked by the people that on the outbreak of the revolution in 1848 he was obliged to flee to England, although he returned some months after, and was elected to the National Assembly. He was also made commander-in-chief of the Prussian army acting against the revolutionary forces of Baden in June, 1849. When the mind of his brother gave way, in 1858, Prince WILHELM was created Regent, and he immediately dismissed the KREUZ, or aristocratic, party, and adopted a liberal policy. His brother dying without issue, he succeeded, under the title of WILLIAM I., to the crown, which he placed upon his own head at Königsburg, October 18, 1861. On this occasion he emphatically asserted the doctrine of the divine right of kings, declaring that he "ruled by the favor of God, and no one else."

The policy pursued by WILLIAM after he became King immensely disappointed the liberal party in Germany. No sooner was he seated on the throne than he began a contest with the Chamber of Deputies, which gradually became more critical, until, after Count BISMARCK-SCHÖNHAUSEN had been appointed Prime Minister in 1862, the feud threatened to end in civil war. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, the war waged on Denmark by Prussia and Austria diverted the attention of the people from home affairs for a time, and since the close of that war WILLIAM I. has proved by his firm attitude and indomitable strength of will his fitness for the position of sovereign. Apparently it was much against his inclination that he embarked upon the ambitious scheme of obtaining supremacy in Germany by force of arms. For many years military preparations had been made, but it was not until 1866 that the scheme was ripe for execution. A treaty of alliance was concluded with Italy, an ultimatum was forwarded to the smaller states in the north of Germany, and an immense army was set in motion. War was declared against Austria, and after a short campaign, in which WILLIAM and the royal princes took part, that power was compelled to accede to a humiliating peace. The powerful effects of the needle-gun created quite a panic in the Austrian army, and her generals found it would be useless to prolong the struggle. In 1867 the King of Prussia became the head of the powerful North German Confederation, comprising twenty-two states, representing a population of 29,000,000. A Federal Council, composed of delegates of the different states, was established, together with a Diet or common Parliament, the members of which were elected by universal suffrage. The new Federal Constitution was adopted by the Prussian Chambers in June, and came into operation on the 1st of the following month. Thus matters rested until the Luxemburg question gave rise to serious difficulties between the Prussian and French governments. War was declared in 1870, and the brilliant successes of the German armies opened to Count BISMARCK the opportunity for realizing his long-cherished idea of a united Germany. On January, 1871, King WILLIAM was proclaimed Emperor, within the Hall of Mirrors, in the palace of the French kings at Versailles, in presence of the German princes, under the standards of the armies before Paris, and surrounded by representatives of the different regiments.

The reign of the Emperor of Germany has been a peaceful one so far as difficulties with other powers are concerned, but its course has been marked by much internal fault-finding and dissatisfaction. The agitations of the Socialist organizations, however, may perhaps be considered only as a natural result of the direct opposition offered by the government to the leading tenets of the liberal party. Within the year 1878 two attacks were made upon the life of the Emperor. The first took place while he was driving in the streets of Berlin on the afternoon of May 11. The crime was committed by a young Socialist tinker named EMIL HOEDEL, who came from Leipsic. He fired two shots from a revolver, but neither of them hit the noble old soldier, who stood up in the carriage and asked if they were aimed at him. As the man was being pursued he fired two more shots at the crowd, but was captured and handed over to the police, to whom he said that he had no intention of murder, but being unemployed, and dissatisfied with the social conditions of life, he had resolved to commit suicide. Subsequently HOEDEL was tried, found guilty, and executed. The second attempt was made on June 2. The Emperor was driving in the thoroughfare Unter den Linden to the Zoological gardens, when two shots were fired at him from the window of a house, causing several wounds. He immediately returned to the palace, where, under the care of skillful physicians, he soon recovered. The would-be assassin was a Dr. NOBILING, who, after attempting to commit suicide, was secured by the police, and removed to the hospital, where he afterward died of the wound he had inflicted upon himself.

With the exception of these startling events, the Emperor has for several years lived a comparatively quiet and domestic life at his stately palace, situated at the extreme end of the fashionable Unter den Linden, just opposite RAUCH's famous equestrian statue of FREDERICK the Great. It is a corner building, outwardly very simple, with a portico in front, under which two sentinels are constantly on duty. His Majesty's private apartments, almost exclusively inhabited by him, are on the ground-floor, to the left hand of the entrance. The first is the so-called Adjutant's Room, where those persons summoned for an audience have to await the time appointed. It has a wainscoting of oak, terminating with a shelf, on which small wooden figures are placed, representing the various military costumes not only of the Prussian, but also of foreign armies. Three large pictures of the battles of Eahrbellin, Hohenfriedberg, and Königgrätz further embellish the room. A statue of FREDERICK the Great stands on the centre table, surrounded by a number of easy-chairs. From this room one enters a salon, where audiences are held. Sofas and chairs are of white satin upholstery, which, combined with the light color of the walls, decorated with some fine landscape paintings by AMBERG and GIAT, produce a very pleasing impression. Among the other pictures are a Madonna by RAPHAEL, and an original Sassaferrato. Around a marble bust of Prince BISMARCK, standing on a marble column, the flags of all the regiments garrisoned in Berlin, and confided to the Emperor as the highest in rank in the capital, are arranged in a semicircle. If a detachment leaves Berlin, as on the occasion of parades and other military spectacles, deputations from the respective regiments, preceded by their bands, arrive at the palace to fetch their standards, which are often mere tatters, in consequence of the many times they have played a part on the field of battle. Near the bust of the Chancellor is a miniature imitation of the by no means handsome Column of Victory in Berlin, faithfully copied even to the smallest details. From here folding-doors open into a handsome drawing-room, where cabinet councils, presided over by the Emperor, are usually held. It is now of historical value from having been chosen by the doctors for the Emperor's sick-room after NOBILING's attempt on his life. Of the personal appearance of the *vieux soldat* various descriptions have been given, but few convey a better idea of him than the following: "An audience of the Emperor, in his cabinet on the ground-floor of the palace at Berlin, resembles no other royal audience. The Emperor is clad in his long military frock-coat, with its two rows of buttons. He is marvellously neat, very straight, and rather stiff. One understands in looking at him that expression, '*Un soldat sous le harnais*.' His contour is still well preserved. His body is well made. His limbs are powerful. His extremities indicate an old and good race. His face, more grave than severe, with its beard cut in German fashion, is well known. The smile which plays on his face is at times very young. When this tall old man speaks to the women who, during the summer months, form his Court at Ems, he seems to date back to the seventeenth century. The Emperor has the beautiful blue eyes of FREDERICK the Great. But however large his eyes, they have not the extraordinary dimensions of the eyes of FREDERICK. The scant hairs, formerly light brown, to-day ashen, are parted low on the left, crossing but not covering the crown of his head. WILLIAM seems to me to personify absolutely the type of an Emperor of the olden time—large, strong, handsome—a soldier. The faces of ALEXANDER and of FRANCIS JOSEPH are those of modern Emperors. The gaze of WILLIAM has a strange slowness. It is the look of a man who has the consciousness of majesty. He believes, it is well known, in his divine right. His tufted eyebrows form a fine arch. His eyes have not the vague mysteriousness of those of ALEXANDER, nor the indicible melancholy of those of FRANCIS JOSEPH, nor the trouble of those of Queen VICTORIA. However, I prefer the expression of these last three to that of the Emperor WILLIAM. They have more personality. His voice has a strong tone of command. The accent is slightly Berlinese. The Emperor thickens a little, and dwells somewhat on the vowels. He speaks slowly and very correctly, as a man who has the habit of always being listened to without having his interlocutor finish his sentence. He chooses rather than seeks his words. He would be able to deliver from the tribune of the Reichstadt an eloquent discourse. The Emperor has the real memory of a sovereign. He remembers every name and every face. He knows most of the officers of his army. At times, when witnessing a review, one will hear him say to a modest officer: 'You resemble your grandfather; a little lighter, perhaps. He was a brave soldier.' He remembers a conversation he has held years before. Adored by those who surround him, he is very thoughtful of them. But never did a sovereign do so easily without the presence of an officer whom death or advancement has taken from his suite. He thinks only of those whom he sees, and of whom he has need. It is an egotism of the sovereign, which does not affect the heart of the man."

Recently Germany has been called upon to celebrate the golden wedding of her Emperor. It is fifty years since the hand of Princess AUGUSTA, second daughter of CHARLES FREDERICK, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, was first demanded for Prince WILLIAM, second son of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. of Prussia, and the pageants at Berlin recall those other brilliant ceremonies which took place at the first meeting of the imperial pair. On the 13th of February, 1829, the Prussian ambassador at the Grand Ducal Court appeared there at a special audience, granted not only by CARL FRIEDRICH himself, but by the Grand Duchess MARIE PAULOWNA and the Great Grand Duchess LOUISE. Court etiquette and pomp in Germany were even more exacting than now, and the ambassador delegated to do the preliminary courting had a delicate and difficult task. It was favorably accomplished, however, and the young Prince was sent for to come and complete the wooing. The Princess LOUISE CATHERINE AUGUSTA of Saxe-Weimar was then sixteen years old. The poet GOETHE, who knew her well, had spoken of her as an "amiable and interesting lady." WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT wrote about her to STEIN: "Her very look shows a penetrating mind, and in a few years she can not fail to develop into an imposing figure." The Prince was thirty years old at the time, and he at once showed a marked interest in the Princess AUGUSTA. Their meeting proved most agreeable, and there is a story that, in violation of all the proprieties of the time, the Prince succeeded in leading the Princess to one side of the assembled *noblesse*, and saying a few words to her in a downright lover's way. On the 3d of June the Princess AUGUSTA made her last appearance as a young girl before a population by which she seems to have been beloved, by attending the opera of *Preciosa*. The Court assembled on the ensuing evening to pay her an affectionate respect. On the 5th the City Council of Weimar came to present to her a "diploma," and fourteen young girls, in the midst of whom were two brides, walked to the palace to crown her with a wreath of myrtle. All the servants of the palace gathered on the evening of the 6th to say farewell. On that evening, also, Prince WILLIAM returned from Berlin, and on the 7th, after a religious service in the cathedral, at which nearly all Weimar was present, the youthful Prince and Princess returned to the palace, and took their departure for the Prussian—now the German—capital. The Court, the ministers, and minor government officials had collected in the palace gallery. From the inner chambers to the portal daughters of the citizens, arrayed in white dresses, with red silk scarfs, were ranged on both sides of the passageway. All these held wreaths of roses in their hands. Behind them stood the servitors of the Court, and as, to the sound of lively music, the young couple took their departure between the courtesying lines of damsels, the legend runs that tears shone on many lids besides those of the dim-eyed AUGUSTA.

A looker-on in Berlin on the occasion when the fiftieth anniversary of this event was celebrated would scarcely have imagined that the Emperor who rules "by the favor of God alone" had throughout his dominions an enemy. From a telegraphic account to the New York *Herald* we learn that the enthusiasm throughout the German capital was unusual. The court-yard of the castle was surrounded by crowds, while the whole city, with its million of inhabitants, was in universal holiday attire. The chief buildings, the University, the Opera-house, and the palace of Prince CHARLES were draped and hung with garlands. The Charlottenstrasse and other great streets fluttered with streamers and flags. Illumination devices burst out during the evening into flaming monograms, eagles, portraits, and other recognitions of the imperial pair. All day the streets were fairly blue with the modest corn-flower, the favorite plant of the Kaiser. At every corner portraits and biographies of the founder of German unity and his consort were exposed for sale, and the bards of Berlin put forth all their powers to celebrate the occasion.

The great Weisse Saal (the White Saloon) of the Schloss, with its statues of the twelve electors of Brandenburg, RAUCH's beautiful statue of Victory, and the statues emblematical of the eight provinces of the Prussian state, was chosen for the reception of relatives and guests of the imperial couple. The Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, with their three little children, stood at the entrance to the hall, and welcomed the members of the imperial family and the guests. The entrance of the Emperor and Empress was the signal for a profound obeisance on the part of the guests. The splendor of the German Court, now the most brilliant in Europe, was here displayed at its height. The dresses of Princesses and Grand Duchesses were of all hues, embroidered in silver and gold. Some of the trains were fifteen feet long, each being supported by two pages. Satin, jewels, velvet, and ermine were the prevalent attire of the elder ladies, while the younger ones wore delicately colored and costly fabrics, ornamented with dainty flowers. The Empress wore a dress of orange-colored satin, a gold wreath crown, a tiara of diamonds, a fabulous diamond necklace, a jewelled stomacher, and bracelets. Her stately train was upheld by four ladies of honor. The Emperor entered in full uniform, walking slightly lame, the result of a recent fall, but looking like the stately Kaiser he is, the weight of over eighty years sitting lightly upon him. After the first formal obeisance came the familiar greetings in the true German style. The ladies who approached the Emperor were saluted, the younger on both cheeks. This was an honor also extended to the nearest male relatives. The Empress kissed the lips of the ladies, extending her hand to Princes and Grand Dukes, who kissed it with antique grace. Among those who had this honor were the Duke of Edinburgh, who wore the uniform of a Prussian general, the Grand Duke ALEXIS, and the Grand Duke MICHAEL. The exchange of these salutations occupied half an hour, and were purely domestic and fraternal. Then the Emperor and Empress led the way to the chapel, and the guests followed.

In front of the lofty crucifix of gems that adorns the altar the Emperor and Empress exchanged rings, as they had done fifty years ago, and received the pathetic and impressive benediction of the officiating clergyman. The guests stood near, with bowed heads. At the conclusion of the simple and touching ceremony a salute of 101 guns was thundered from the battery in the Lustgarten, the populace echoing the benediction in a sonorous cheer. The Emperor then returned to the White Hall, and took his seat upon the throne. To the right stood the Crown Prince, to the left the Crown Princess, and around these were grouped the King of Saxony, Prince CARL, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the other relatives of the imperial family. Then followed the reception of ladies hitherto excluded, members of the diplomatic corps, ministers, members of the Reichstag, and deputations from the army. Prince BISMARCK headed the ministers, wearing his full uniform. After the reception, the Emperor repaired to the balcony of the Schloss, where he showed himself four times in response to the enthusiastic cheering of the vast crowd assembled. At night there was a gala representation at the Opera-house, and the city was illuminated in every street. The banks of the Rhine and the adjacent hills were lighted by bonfires. On the left bank these fires of joy extended from Bingerbruck to Rolandseck, and on the right bank from Eltville to the Seven Hills. The fires were lighted at nine o'clock, and kept burning about an hour along the whole distance, sixty miles.

AN EPISODE IN BOHEMIA.

Now, lest the above heading should be held, with some show of reason, to lay me open to an imputation of willfully misleading the reader, I declare at once that the Bohemia here referred to is not meant to designate *Bohemia Petræa*, the imaginary and conventional sandy and stony corner in the great Republic of Mind to which the name Bohemia is habitually applied in the circles of literature and art, and in which so many hapless—maybe also thoughtless and thriftless—children of genius (more or less) are popularly believed to struggle and strive, and starve and decay, whilst astute dealers in intellectual wares batten and flourish upon their bitter necessities, their cruel penury. The Bohemia here meant is the Bohemia of Pinnock's *Catechism of Geography; Bohemia Felix*, the rich province of the Austrian Empire which bears that name.

And anent this said Bohemia it just occurs to me that a little didactic digression may perchance not be deemed altogether out of time and place here. In the *Winter's Tale* Shakspeare talks of mariners wrecked on the coast of Bohemia. This "most monstrous blunder" has of course been duly laid hold of by sharp commentators and critics as a glaring proof of the immortal bard's gross ignorance. Ben Jonson, to begin with, who, with all his admiration for his Titanic contemporary, could not refrain from occasionally indulging in mild sneers at the bard's little Latin and less Greek, and other imperfections, audaciously imputes to the author of the *Winter's Tale*, anent this identical "Bohemian blunder," want of art and even want of sense! And the whole host of commentators and annotators have duly trooped after rare Ben, in true "follow-my-leader" fashion. Nay, one of the great theatrical managers of more recent times, who had enjoyed the benefits of a classical education, could not leave this supposed "ugly blot" untouched, but must, in his supreme wisdom, change the locality, forsooth, to the coast of Asia Minor. It must be a pleasant pursuit to look for spots in the sun.

Now the true fact of the case is that the kingdom of Bohemia could at one time really boast a sea-coast, to wit, in the thirteenth century, under the Ottokars, when the kingdom embraced the whole of the present Austro-German provinces, with the partial exception alone of Salzburg and the Tyrol, and extended accordingly to the Adriatic Sea—a fact which at once makes the maritime connection between Sicily and Bohemia clearly apparent, no matter whether Shakspeare was aware of it by the intuition of genius, or that he was, after all, a better scholar than his very learned contemporaries, who professed to laugh at his ignorance, and the whole host of sapient commentators who have followed suit ever since.

In 1278 the second Ottokar, the mightiest ruler in Germany in those times, lost his life on the Marchfield, in furious battle against the great Rudolphus of Hapsburg, or Hawksburg, who stripped the dead king's infant son and successor finally and definitively of Austria, Corinthia, Carniola, Styria, etc., leaving him naught but Bohemia proper and Moravia.

This Bohemia proper—*Bojohēmum*, the land of the Celtic *Boji*, who would seem to have been its first historic inhabitants—may truly be called Bohemia the Blest. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, threefold as rich and fertile as the adjoining Prussian province of Silesia, yet not one half so prosperous—an apparent anomaly which those given to trace effects to their causes are apt to attribute mainly to the circumstance that deadening Romanism has for two centuries and a half past laid its withering hand on the one land, holding absolute sway over an almost unmixed Catholic population, dragooned originally into the fold of Rome by Ferdinand of Styria, in the earlier part of the Thirty Years' War; whilst the other, with a mixed—half Catholic, half Protestant—population, has for close upon a century and a half enjoyed the blessings of enlightened Protestant rule. However, this is merely another digression, for which I have to crave the reader's indulgent forgiveness. I can not help it. I have always had a mysterious sneaking liking for Bohemia, which makes me lovingly dwell upon the theme.

It was in the *annus mirabilis* 1866, in the early part of the month of July, that I had occasion to revisit this land of my affection. The fierce struggle between the multitribed Hapsburg Titan and the needle-gun Jupiter of Zollern had just ended in the crushing defeat and overthrow of the former, the ever-memorable seven days' campaign having terminated in the "crowning mercy" of Sadowa and Chlum—or Königgrätz, as it seemed good to his Prussian Majesty to call it, albeit that the fortress of that name lies far enough away from the actual field of battle. I may remark here, *en passant*, that Königgrätz, which means Kingstown, is simply an ignorant blundering contraction of the correct name of the place, Königingrätz, to wit, meaning Queenstown. In the olden times the queens of Bohemia had assigned them for their dower the revenues of sevenlarge estates. The Sclavo-Czechian word for Queen is *Kralowé;* the one for town is *Hradec*, pronounced *Grätz* by the Germans. *Kralowé Hradec*, or Queenstown, was the largest and most important of the queen's seven dower estates; *Kralowé Dwor*—Königinhof, or Queenscourt—being the next to it in importance.

I had a mission at the time. I came to see the shady side of war—glorious war! I came to gaze on the battle-fields and on the graves, and to view the hospitals and ambulances where thousands of men that, a brief fortnight before, had moved about in the prime and pride of life and vigor, were expiring in untold agony, or, as the case might be, passing slowly on to the unimaginable misery of having thenceforth to fight the hard battle of life with maimed body or shattered constitution. Oh! the sight of war stripped bare of its glittering trappings! Mokanna's face, with the silver veil lifted off,

> "With features horribler than hell e'er traced
> On its own brood!"

But no matter; Carnage remains, after all is said and done, God's daughter, as the "gentle Wordsworth" hath it; and the true philosopher and philanthropist must even, however reluctantly, admit that it is a necessary—nay, a most beneficent—institution, being, indeed, seemingly, the only effectual means to shield mankind from the perchance still worse horrors of overpopulation.

Before starting from Breslau I had, acting on the advice of some sage friend of mine, endeavored to give myself somehow a semi-military appearance, to which end I had had my gray coat faced with green cloth, and procured the loan of a cap, with the skull and cross-bones, from Lieutenant Auerswald, of the Black Hussars, a son of the General Auerswald who was so basely murdered by the Frankfort mob in 1848. Professor Tellkampf, of the Breslau University, a very old friend of mine—now, alas! no more—kindly lent me a belt with two revolvers and a dagger stuck in it, to shield my precious life, in case of need, from injury and harm, as travelling in Bohemia was not very safe, of course, just then.

At Freiberg I chartered a conveyance, not overcomfortable to ride in, and rather given to jolting, but drawn by two very decent horses, and with a most honest Jehu—one Joseph Haynichen—to drive.

The first place I came to in Bohemia was Trautenau—a small but very wealthy manufacturing town near the Silesian frontier. It was here that the Prussian corps under General Bonin had, on the 27th June, sustained the only partial reverse in this brilliant seven days' campaign.

Reports had been sown broadcast over the land how Dr. Roth, the burgomaster of Trautenau, had treacherously concealed a large Austrian force in the houses of his city; how these Austrians had, after the due and fair surrender of the town, fallen suddenly upon the unsuspecting Prussians; and how the vile citizens, of both sexes and all ages, had poured molten pitch, and boiling water, and oil of vitriol, and other unwarlike abominations, upon the devoted heads of poor Bonin's unlucky men. These reports were wonderfully circumstantial; and the arrest of the unhappy burgomaster, whom I happened to meet on his dolorous way to Prussia, where he was to be tried for his heinous misdeeds, certainly gave them a substantial backbone of credibility. Yet upon inquiry and examination I soon found that they were the most monstrous romance ever concocted. Bonin had simply blundered in his tactical movements, which was the sole cause of the reverse suffered by him; and he had tried to cover this first blunder by another still grosser blunder. The poor burgomaster was subsequently honorably acquitted of the charge so foully brought against him.

From Trautenau I pursued my melancholy way over Alt-Rognitz, Neu-Rognitz, and Burgersdorf, where a fierce battle had been fought on the 28th June between the Prussian Guards and the Tenth Austrian Corps, under General Gablentz, the victor over Bonin on the day before—a battle which had terminated in the total rout of the Austrians; to Königinhof (Queenscourt), which the Prussian Guards had stormed on the 29th June; thence over Horzitz and Milowitz to Sadowa and Chlum, and Lippa and Nechanitz, and Prim and Problus, the several scenes of the fiercest fights waged on the momentous 3d July from early dawn to dewy eve.

Up to the valley of the Bistritz I had, indeed, seen every where ample marks of the disastrous rout of the Austrians, such as the gutted remains of knapsacks, képis, cartridge-boxes, etc., mostly stripped of every thing in the shape of iron, steel, brass, or usefully available leather about them; also, here and there, carcasses of horses slain and flayed. But the men, at least, who had fallen in the fights from the 27th to the 29th June, had all been decently interred, and though too numerous, the tumuli that marked the spots of their last resting-places were, indeed, calculated to excite a melancholy interest; yet there was barely a mark left here and there to inspire horror or disgust.

It was far different on Sadowa's sad field. Although the sun had risen and set seven times since the battle-day when I came there, sadder sights yet remained to be seen, and more horrible signs of awful carnage and utter devastation. Dead horses were still abounding above ground; and dead men also, most of them stripped to the skin, were yet lying unburied here and there, in ditches and hollows and out-of-the-way places, infecting the air, and inwrapping the land for miles and miles around in a poisonous pall. No wonder that cholera, in its worst and most virulent form, had made its dread appearance, striking down even strong men, in robust health apparently, with appalling swiftness, as I had only too ample occasion to observe in my visits to Horzitz and Nedelist, and Nechanitz, where the church and the town-hall had been turned into temporary hospitals, as had also Prim Castle and chapel. Here I saw men die in so brief a space of time as one single hour after the appearance of the first symptoms.

On starting from Freiberg I had prudently made provision of eatables and a few dozen bottles of wine; but the claims of the sick and wounded appealed so overpoweringly to my better nature that I soon dispensed to the last crust and the last bottle among the unhappy sufferers. Unluckily there was no possibility, apparently, of replenishing my store. Neither love nor money could succeed in procuring a drop of wine or of beer, or even a loaf of good wholesome bread, for me. The articles were too scarce just then in these parts, and what there was come-at-able of them was imperatively needed for those with a better claim to be attended to than I could urge. So we, Joseph Haynichen and I, had mostly to rest satisfied with an occasional doubtful crust and a drink of water. Indeed, there were plenty of cherries and cucumbers to be had, as the army surgeons, with perverse blindness to the true causes of the cholera scourge, had placed these harmless and refreshing commodities under the strictest interdict. But then, you see, one can not always be eating cherries; and cucumbers without salt and oil and vinegar, not to mention tomatoes—all of them articles next to impossible to procure just there and then—are not very inviting. So our dietary was rather restricted.

It happened also that the water in Prim Park was more than slightly brackish. An overfree indulgence there in the luxury of a cool drink brought upon me an attack of cholerine, which my having to lie several nights on the battle-field, beneath the somewhat insufficient protection of my vehicle, was not exactly the thing calculated to cure, nor to woo "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to my lids, wakeful with pain and with hunger and thirst.

So I made up my mind at last, to Joseph Haynichen's great joy, to make tracks for other woods and pastures new. Skalitz was the next place to which I ordered Joseph to drive. Now the man Haynichen had never been in Bohemia before, beyond Nachod and Trautenau, and I had accordingly been obliged to direct him in all his movements, which I accomplished from old recollections of the different localities, aided by reference to an excellent map of the country, which I carried with me. My charioteer was a very good fellow, and he was willing to believe in me to a considerable extent; but he dearly loved his horses, and he was acutely apprehensive lest an untoward encounter with Austrian patrols should imperil his possession of these darling coursers of his. Now the two fortresses of Königingrätz and Josephstadt were still held by the Austrians in respectable force, and our road to Skalitz, Joseph had a notion, lay in suspicious proximity to possible reconnoitring parties from either. Besides, Joseph unfortunately had some slight knowledge of the Sclavo-Czechian tongue, and he was rather given to the vanity of showing off his great gifts in this respect. His faith in the uprightness of human nature in general, and in Bohemian nature in particular, was also by no means small.

When we started, at dawn of day, from Nechanitz, I gave Joseph the minutest directions how to drive on to Kukus, on the Elbe, and then to keep on to the east. Tired out completely with three nights' continual sleeplessness, and enfeebled by the effects of cholerine, I fell fast asleep in the carriage.

I was suddenly roused from my peaceful slumber by a violent jolt of the vehicle over a large stone in the road, and the sullen boom of a by no means distant gun. I started up, rubbed my eyes, and saw before me the well-remembered steeples of Josephstadt, and found, to my intense annoyance, that my unlucky Jehu, sweetly unconscious of the imminent proximity of danger, was just driving me into Jaromirz! It turned out that poor Joseph, on arriving at Kukus, reluctant to wake me, had asked, and confidingly followed, the guidance of some rascally Bohemian, who had directed him to turn sharp to the south, instead of pursuing his course eastward, as I had told him to do. The scamp had made him believe that the town he saw before him to the south was Skalitz; chuckling, most likely, in fancy, over the poor fellow's dismay when he should discover that he and his fare and his beloved horses were betrayed into the hands of the Austrians.

My temper, albeit naturally sweet, will occasionally turn rather short, and on this occasion it was indeed roused into red-hot anger. "What cursed folly is this, you idiot?" I shouted. "What do you mean by driving right into the lions' den, you double and triple fool? Can you not see that we are only just a hundred yards from the suburb of Josephstadt?"

The instant Joseph's ear caught the ominous sound of the name of the place he turned the horses sharply round, and made them gallop furiously back the way they had come, nor did he draw rein until we were safe again at Kukus. He was thoroughly frightened; not that he cared for the danger to his life and limbs and liberty, for he was a very brave and fearless man, but solely on account of his darling horses. I verily believe he would sooner have parted with his life than with his team.

The gun whose boom I had heard had clearly been fired at some reconnoitring party of Prussians—certainly not at us; but Joseph, once he had caught the notion that the Austrians in Josephstadt would be glad of his horses, could not be argued out of his conviction that the shot had been intended specially for his trap, and that we should soon have all the cannon of the fortress thundering after us. His simple trust in the uprightness of Bohemian nature was rudely shaken, and he emphatically declared that he would never again believe a Czech even on his most solemn oath. He penitently promised for the remainder of our trip to be guided solely by my directions.

So we went on our way, endeavoring to reach the high-road leading to Skalitz. But as there was no beaten track, we had to turn off occasionally to seek a more practicable driving path; and so it came to pass that, on emerging from a small wood, a truly Arcadian scene suddenly met my delighted eyes—a charming farm-house, with substantial out-buildings, and a pond in front with a dozen or so ducks swimming on it.

I sincerely love animated nature, and I think I may conscientiously affirm that, if it depended, anyhow materially, on my example, I would rather turn vegetarian than encourage the slaying of animals for food. But I was ravenously hungry at the time. So I mentally addressed the poor swimmers on the pond before me somewhat after the fashion of the famous tabbinet-maker of Dublin, the late Mr. Reynolds, whilom M. P. for the Irish metropolis. When, more than twenty years ago, the late Mr. G. Hamilton, then member for Dublin County, was proposing a highly penal measure for the suppression of sheep-stealing in Ireland, the witty and eccentric member for Dublin City rose to tell the House of Commons candidly that if he saw a sheep on the other side of the way, and happened to be starving at the time, he should tell that sheep, "I'll take care, my friend, that I live longer than you." With this bright example in my memory, I also resolved mentally to take care to live longer than some, at least, of the interesting birds swimming so temptingly before my longing eyes. The important initial point, however, was how to get at them. If money and good words could accomplish it, I was most willing to spare neither.

So, by way of indispensable preliminary, I shouted and hallooed to attract the attention of the inmates of the farm. After a time an old woman made her appearance, slowly, and with obvious reluctance. She was a fearful old hag, who looked, indeed, the very incarnation of Goethe's Mephistopheles in the guise of Phorcyas. She had only one eye, and that one an evil eye; and only one tusk in the fearful cavern of her mouth, but that one tusk seemingly fit to rend and tear whatever might come within its reach. She grinned at me a most horrible grin. I, though involuntarily shuddering at the unwelcome sight, addressed her with the utmost courtesy, calling her madam, and offering to pay any thing in reason for a couple of ducks, and to add a large fee if she would graciously consent to roast them for me. Perhaps she would not object, I trusted, to add a salad and a bottle of wine or beer. I might just as well have talked to the ducks, for any sign of comprehension on her horrible old face. Her grin simply expanded into broader malignancy; and she muttered a few words in Czechian, which, my faithful Joseph told me, were to the effect that she did not understand my gibberish. Then Joseph took her in hand, diving into the deepest recesses of his boasted Sclavic lore; but to no purpose. The monstrous hag only continued to grin maliciously, and to shake her ancient head violently from side to side, striving to look right through me all the time with that basilisk eye of hers. Somehow I got impatient at last. I lost my temper, and began to play, half unconsciously, with one of the revolvers in my belt. I must candidly confess I can not say what I might not have done. It was rather a mean thing to do to try to frighten an old woman with a revolver, and I felt half ashamed; but I was so awfully "riled." However, the old woman had barely caught sight of the revolver when she gave a loud scream, lifted up both hands entreatingly, and cried to me in Saxo-Bohemian German: "Schiessen Se ner net, mein juotes Herrche, schiessen Se ner net! I will joa jehe un de Herre ruofe." And with this she rushed wildly back to the farm-house. A few minutes after, a man of decent appearance, well though plainly dressed, came up to me from the house. He looked much troubled and annoyed; but he addressed me with great civility notwithstanding. He craved my pardon for his old servant's offensive conduct to me, and for his own apparent want of courtesy in keeping me waiting so long. But really he had congratulated himself upon having, by a lucky chance, escaped hitherto all war visitations; and he could not help feeling it deeply disappointing and disheartening to find that, after all, an officer of the provisioning department had succeeded in getting to his little farm, on requisitioning thoughts intent. I hastened to re-assure the good man. I earnestly disclaimed all and every connection with the invading army, promised him on my honor that no one should know from me or my driver aught anent the whereabouts of his farm, and I politely repeated my request that he would kindly consent to sell me a couple of his ducks. His brow cleared. He stretched out his hand to me, and courteously invited me to honor his humble dwelling with my august presence. He extended the same hospitable invitation to Joseph, whose good grace he cleverly managed to obtain by an adroit encomium upon the "splendid appearance" of his horses, and a warm offer to have them properly fed and looked after if he would kindly consent to unyoke them.

Less than an hour after, a glorious feast of roast duck and green peas and asparagus, with a delicious cucumber salad and cherries and fresh butter, was placed before us, and ample provision of the best Pilsener beer and Vöslauer wine rejoiced our hearts. Our hospitable host was the son of a German, and his maternal grandmother had also been of the same nationality, so that he had not much Czechian blood in his veins. Phorcyas—who, by-the-bye, turned out to be a splendid cook—continued to grin, indeed, but with benevolence now instead of malignancy; and she talked Saxo-Bohemian German by the bushel, and declared on her solemn oath that she had never seen two men to whom she could take so kindly and gladly as to Joseph and to me—an assurance which made both Joseph and me look rather anxious, for fear lest she should take it into her head to give more active and impressive expression to her deep affection for us.

Our hospitable host would not hear of our leaving his place till next day. So we, nothing loath, staid overnight. On our departure in the morning the worthy man firmly declined receiving even the smallest sum in payment for our noble entertainment. On the contrary, he would insist upon replenishing my store of provisions and wine and beer; and he would take no denial. Phorcyas was quite indignant when I attempted almost to force a thaler upon her; nay, she looked so deeply grieved that I forbore insisting upon her acceptance of the gift. I shook hands with her instead, and Joseph did the same, which made her quite contented. The only party in the house who could be made to accept a trifle was the servant who had attended to the horses; so we went on our way rejoicing to Skalitz.

A few days after, I came to the end of my mission in Nachod. This town, where the old Wallenstein castle had been turned into a hospital, was so chock-full of invaders of all kinds and classes that I absolutely failed to find shelter for the coming night in any of the inns of the place.

I was told, however, that there was a cotton spinnery not very far from the town, whose foreman was an Englishman, who might, perhaps, find accommodation for me for the night.

On our way to the spinnery it so happened that I espied a small inn lying a little off the road, and I thought at once it would be as well to see whether I might not stay there overnight, instead of having to claim hospitality of a private gentleman.

Mine host of the inn, who was a full-blooded Czech, declared at once, with great alacrity, that he could accommodate me for the night, and that he had ample store of provisions and wine and beer in the house; so I told Joseph to unyoke. But here I met with unexpected opposition on the part of my faithful driver: his belief in Bohemian loyalty had been too rudely shaken to trust himself with a Czech. The instance, which I quoted to him, of our generous host of a few days back, did not apply here, he argued, said generous host having very little Czechian blood in his veins, whilst the man who kept this inn was a full-blooded Sclavo-Czech. The inn was lying off the road; it was a solitary place; the man had a treacherous look about him; we might both be murdered in our sleep; he, for one, would not let his horses incur the danger of having to change masters; the poor dear beasts would never survive being parted from him; and a lot of nonsense of the same kind. He entreated me, with tears in his eyes, not to stay there, but let him drive on to the spinnery. But I had made up my mind to stay where I was, and as my mission was ended now, I at last told the obstinate man peremptorily that he might go if he insisted upon it, and leave me behind. This, however, the faithful fellow would not do. He told me it was not his way to leave one in the lurch who had been so kind to him as I had been. Besides, he had promised the Herr Professor who had come with me to Freiberg (Tellkampf) to bring me back there safe and sound, and he was resolved to do so. Therefore, if I *would* stop there, why, he must even stop along with me, but the whole responsibility would rest on my shoulders.

So he unyoked his horses, and consented even to share the ample supper which our host placed before us. Nothing could induce him, however, to sleep away from his horses that night. He